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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLV No. 2024 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC NOVEMBER 5 1938

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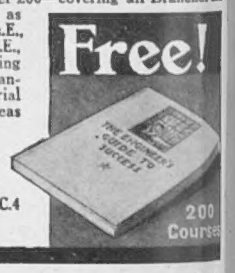

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Volume CLV No. 2024

The SPHERE, London, November 5, 1938

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, November 5, 1938

FRIEND . . . . OR FOE?

A Party of Arab Suspects Under Military Escort in Jerusalem : How the Vital Problem of Their Identification is Being Tackled

Just as in the closing phases of the Boer War, when de Wet and Delarey employed their will-o'-the-wisp tactics with such cunning skill and the British could never be sure which burghers were still actively hostile, so is it on a lesser scale to-day in Palestine, where many of the Arab bands are proving most elusive, and differentiation between rebels and passive members of the community is a matter of much difficulty because all Arabs have for some time past been compelled by their leaders to wear the kaffiyeh—the traditional Bedouin head-dress. In reply, the Government has issued a registration order making it necessary for Arabs to carry identification cards and circulation passes. It is felt that this latest measure will quickly prove its worth, rendering it easier to distinguish friend from foe in a land of racial strife and bitter discontent. A great deal still remains to be done before order is restored in the country, and this week British troops turned their attention towards Jaffa, occupying it and conducting searches there in the same forceful way as they did in Jerusalem a fortnight ago. Slowly but surely these mopping-up operations will be conducted throughout the Holy Land which, at all costs, is to be pacified before plans for a settlement of differences are fully considered

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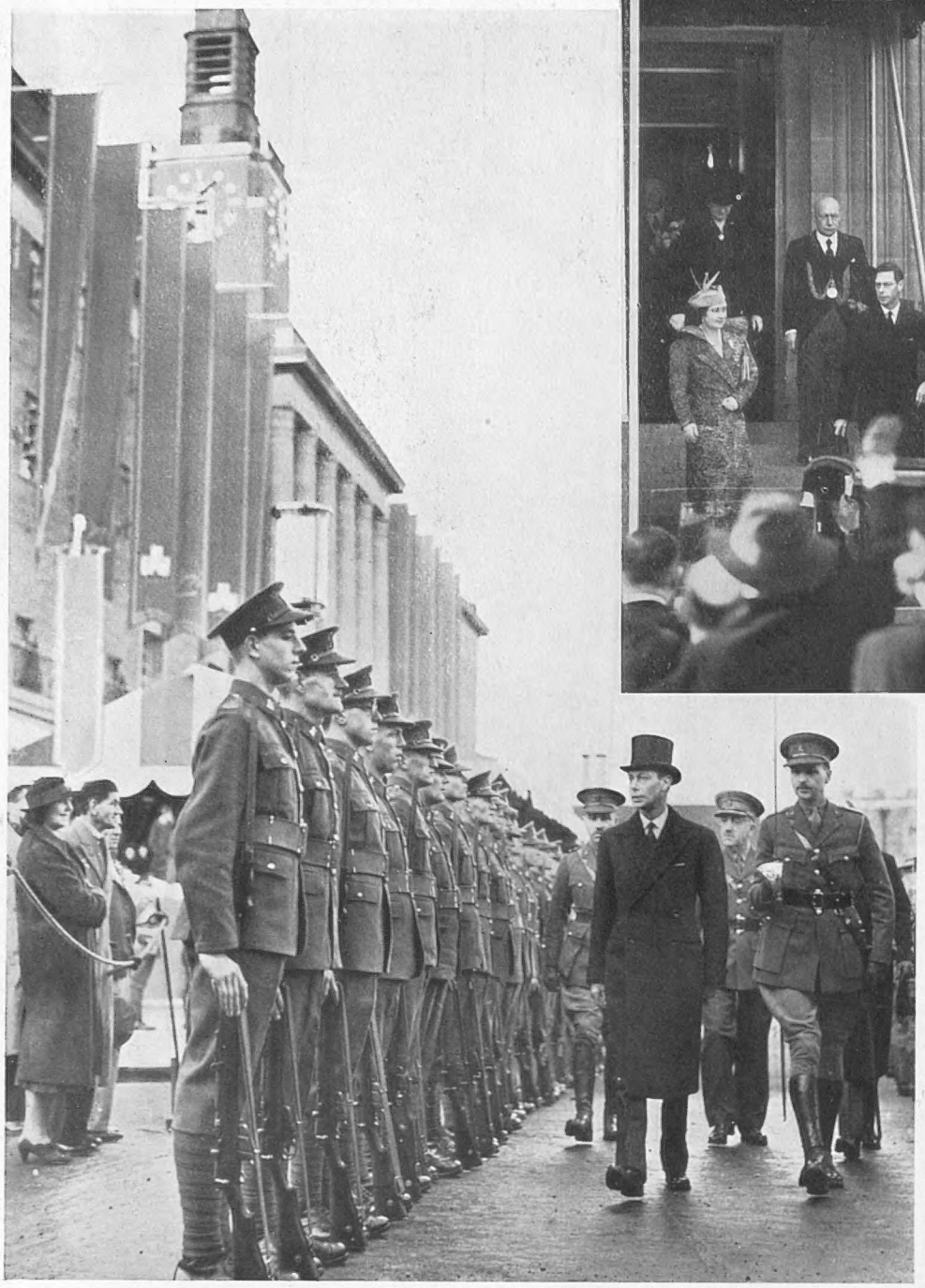
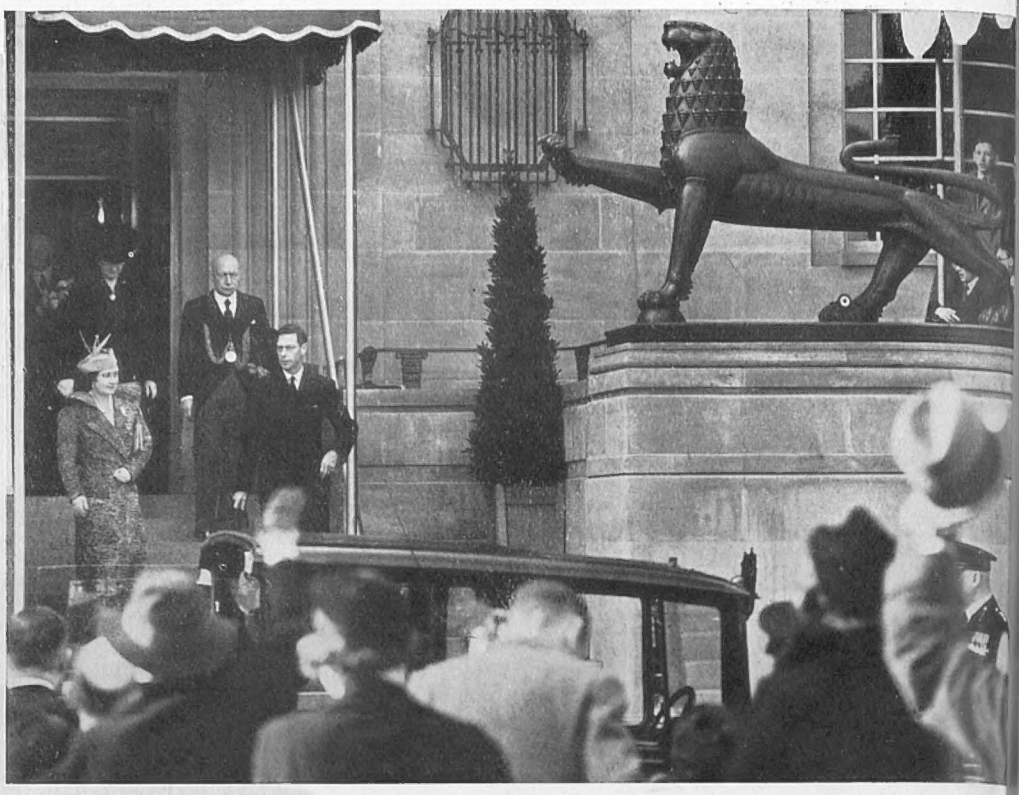


THE KING IN EAST ANGLIA'S CAPITAL: His Majesty inspecting a guard of honour mounted by the 4th Battalion, The Royal Norfolk Regiment (Territorial Army), before opening the new City Hall at Norwich, in the course of his five-hour visit last Saturday. The King and Queen drove over from Sandringham for the occasion and, as one eye-witness happily described it, "Even more perhaps than as King and Queen they were received as distinguished and beloved neighbours"



THE ROYAL VISIT TO NORWICH: The King and Queen leaving the new City Hall after His Majesty had conducted the opening ceremony last Saturday when they received a great reception from the people of East Anglia. Not for 267 years had a King and Queen of England visited Norwich together, the last occasion having been in 1671 when Charles II went there with his Consort

THE NEW FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY UNDER FIRE: Cameramen taking pictures of Earl Stanhope as he left the Admiralty after his first day's work there. Lord Stanhope, who fills the vacancy created by the resignation of Mr. Duff Cooper, was formerly in the Government as President of the Board of Education—a post which did not bring him much into the public eye—and before that he was First Commissioner of Works. The Stanhope family has a great record. The 1st Earl acted as Foreign Minister under George I; the 3rd Earl made notable contributions to the development of printing; and the 5th Earl was a distinguished historian, writing standard works on the War of the Spanish Succession and on William Pitt

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34 ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C. 4

Wednesday, November 2, 1938.

DUKE OF KENT FOR AUSTRALIA.

—Australia and the Empire are obviously gratified by the appointment of the Duke of Kent to succeed Lord Gowrie in the autumn of 1939. He will be the King's representative in the Commonwealth, just as, since the Statute of Westminster, the High Commissioner is the Government's representative there. This separation of the older functions of the Governor-General is not yet fully understood by the public. Their Royal Highnesses' absence from England for two or three years will increase the burden of ceremonial and public functions thrown on the King and Queen, the Princess Royal, and the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester. There are few other Royal substitutes available to-day. That the Duke will be a success, as the Duke of Connaught was a success in Canada, it is easy to predict. He is but thirty-five, but he has travelled widely in the course of his naval service, though his proposed visit to Australia in 1934 failed to materialise. He has experience of departmental and office work. Both he and the Duchess have attractive social gifts. He is a sportsman, she has charm. Both are young and handsome, both have a real interest in the arts and will be able to show that interest at an apt juncture in the social development of the Dominion. It will be surprising if the appointment does not give satisfaction to all concerned. The choice of a staff will be carefully considered and its announcement in due course awaited with interest on both sides of the globe.

WEEK-END ITEMS.

—The Premier began on the reconstruction of his Cabinet and Lords Stanhope and De la Warr were reshuffled, the former into the Admiralty, the latter into the Board of Education. Both were former members of the Cabinet, but Lord De la Warr has not before been head of a Department of State. Temporarily at least, Mr. MacDonald will be responsible for both Empire departments. Perhaps these overseas Empire departments are to suffer change in their functions. Some of the Dominions favour such a reorganisation. The Anderson Committee issued its report. Some of its recommendations on evacuation strike one as already proven out of date by the experience of the crisis bungle. In France M. Daladier in a more than usually strong and frank speech outlined the foreign policy and domestic policy of a "reborn" France. Words are one thing, accomplishment another. Communism and a forty-hour week are barricades which, once set up, are hard to clear away with a word of command. But it is easy to see how necessary and urgent for France are increased production, hard work, and a united effort—politically and economically. The state of things in China, following the incredibly swift Japanese advances on various fronts, is still too obscure for the ordinary man to judge of all its implications. One can only be sure of one or two things, the inexpressible tragedy of the civilian population and fighting men, and the plight of foreign interests.

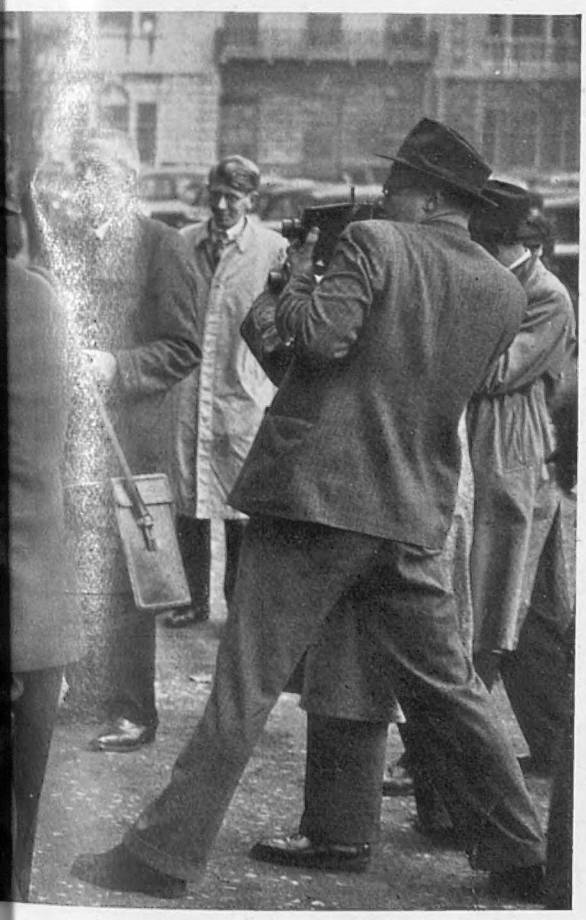
ONE OF OUR SUPERMEN.

— The complaint is loudly voiced to-day that politics throw out all too few big men. One or two such men (big in esse or once so considered) are barred from office by their own political opinions and practices. In the Government and Opposition camps we look in vain for big men in esse or posse. Without recruitment from outside, the political future seems dark indeed, but perhaps big men are dark horses and jump very quickly to the front. One recruit accepted as big is Sir John Anderson, the new Privy Seal. He is fifty-six, and, of course, a Scot. He started in the Colonial Office and has held a varied list of appointments in insurance, shipping, local government, etc. He has been chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue and permanent Under-Secretary of the Home Office, and in 1932 he became Governor of Bengal and won fame

there. He is a Privy Councillor and Grand Cross of two of the principal orders of knighthood. Certainly, he has the experience fitting him to be charged with the protection and organisation of the civil population in emergency. Did he not direct the Evacuation Commission's deliberations and sign its recent report as chairman? He is M.P. for the Scottish Universities. Lord Runciman comes back to office and Cabinet, succeeding Lord Hailsham, who has resigned, as Lord President. There has been speculation as to whether the Duke of Devonshire would succeed the late Lord Stanley as Dominions Secretary, or whether the two offices would be left to Mr. MacDonald, until reorganised. That question, as I noted earlier, has now been settled.

BISHOP HENSLEY HENSON.

—The Bishop of Durham has announced his retirement. Perhaps I should treat him as an enemy. I was brought up to regard him as a thorn in the side of Bishop Gore, and no doubt Canon Henson was often in the opposite camp and very strenuously attacking Bishop Gore. But Bishop Henson was, I believe, a very kindly man and he and Bishop Gore admired, liked and respected each other. Canon Henson framed and hung in his study Gore's first ultimatum to him in 1907, and of course he ignored it and went his way. He always did. He is not so much a rebel and free lance as a man of vigorous and most original mind, who on that account was so often playing a lone hand. Or, incidentally, both men were rebels. So it was that they liked each other and, when most beset, Gore could write: "I think him the most lovable creature, though I own I am always a little nervous when I open *The Times*. . ." As a fact Gore enjoyed his excursions into the Lists,



which were many. He revelled in the cursings of Father Ignatius, enjoyed good humouredly Knox-Little's "little knocks," and was not greatly put about by Henson's hammer blows. The erstwhile champion of Establishment changed his mind after the Revised Prayer Book rejection, and ever and again Bishop Henson turned his armoury of sarcasm upon the shams and compromises favoured by his brother bishops. And I fancy he will fight on for realism and common sense in retirement.

BOOM!—Truly the human race is resilient of spirit, and the American citizen bounces highest and plunges deepest. The "coming boom" in America has already been found a fit subject for a leading article. "A continuous prolonged movement to bring even greater prosperity than in the years before 1929." With vivid memories of yesterday, of 1938, I ask myself "Can these things be?" Are all our yesterdays only nightmares? Have they vanished into the limbo of nothingness with the modified light of dawn? Is it no false dawn? And why then are we still troubled? But "the evidence is irrefutable." Industrial production has in the States steadily expanded since June. In those frightful months of tension (August and September) expansion in production was signal. Re-employment in the motor industry promises peak production. Roosevelt and big business may even clasp hands and count profits. There are still fences to overcome. Farmers have not much to spend. Labour is not entirely appeased. There are railway strikes. But these snags have not discouraged producers from doubling their orders for raw materials. The good times are coming. Are we children? Or is that strange theory really true that the economic and the political run on distinct rail systems? That political anarchy, wars, alarms, little affect economic movements and that a trade boom comes and goes when it will and no man can ever forecast its rise or ebb? I do not know. I feel rather ashamed of this heady, hasty, indecently punctual ebullience and resilience.

IT BEGINS AT HOME.—

There are many saws and epigrams concerning the word charity. It covers a multitude of sins, and it begins at home. The joint committee on the Charities (Regulation) Bill reveal the truth of these two saws in the pages of evidence they have collected. That evidence tells a shocking story of human frailty among those who ask and those who give. One does not know which frailty to pillory most severely. It is not perhaps news to any of us that the organising of charity efforts (and especially "fashionable" efforts) is a paying profession. Many who wrote their cheques for £1 (for the privilege of "meeting the Prince" or eating a meal in high company with the more oblique objective of charitable help) have long been ruefully aware that 10s. at least disappear in "overhead." It may be news to these pigeons that "16s. in the £1 go into the pockets of the collectors." Indeed, I hope such cases are rare. Not so rare (pace the evidence) are professional charity collectors and organisers who derive a four-figure income from their noble labours. And then there is the case of an emperor in this learned profession; he is named by name and "out of office hours" is a night-club waiter. He has a "knowledge of the law," and keeps inside it by a narrow margin, and by means of his golden persuasiveness and shrewd knowledge of human nature he enjoys an income of £4,000 a year from his pickings from the cheques of the sentimental humanitarians. In a word, he rides in his coach and four through the Acts of Parliament. Others take greater risks to reap the golden harvest. There are several who, choosing first the label of "Reverend," quickly rise in the Church and become Canons, Deans and Doctors of Divinity and find dividends increasing with every self-promotion.

AIR DEFENCE CADETS.

—In the end, in the event of war, it is not machines but men who will settle the business in the air. The Continental powers are alive to that. Aviation is part of the secondary school curriculum. Britain has now to follow suit and the Air League of the British Empire has shouldered the responsibility of trying to raise 20,000 Air Defence Cadets, with the Air Ministry's blessing. The boys will be between fourteen and eighteen. They will be taught *on the ground* all that intending aviators can be taught, but none will go above the ground without their parents' consent, nor until seventeen or eighteen years old. Ultimately, the scheme envisages "units" of Air Defence Cadets covering every large town. A unit will be a squadron of 100 cadets, subdivided into four flights, and it is held out as a possibility that schools like Eton or Harrow may find their own squadrons of cadets. How do the parents of those golden lads view the prospect? Will the cost of educating a boy at Eton take flight upward when the golden lads grow wings, and will their mothers view the new item in the curriculum of education as desirable under modern conditions? It is confidently assumed that they will.

THE OLD STAGER

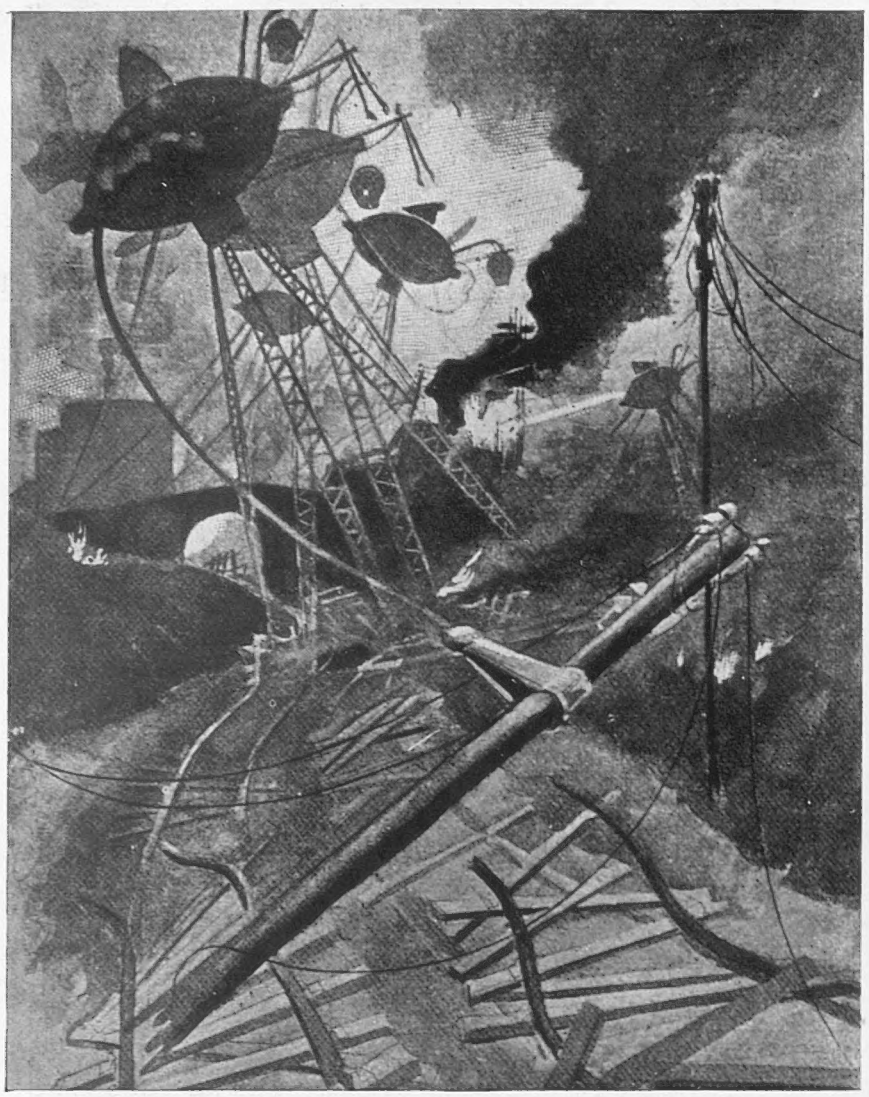
DR. BENES TAKES THE AIR: The ex-President of Czechoslovakia accompanied by his wife as he left his nephew's Putney home for a car drive. Dr. Benes is having a complete rest in this country and will later go to America to take up a university appointment in Chicago

BRITAIN'S COMMITMENTS IN WAR-TORN CHINA

Under this heading will be found on pages 225–228 of this issue of "The Sphere" a special feature dealing with the extent to which Britain is economically involved in the present Sino-Japanese conflict. As the tide of Japanese conquest flows on, the menace to British interests becomes more acute, and, as evidence of this, the following extract from a statement of policy by the new Japanese Ambassador in Rome conjures up alarming possibilities. "Japan has no intention of sharing her victory with the Western Powers," said the Ambassador. "The rights of foreign Powers will continue to be respected. German technicians and industry and German trade will be able to work on a preferential basis. But," he concluded, with a special dig at this country, "although Japan will be generous to the foreign Powers, the British predominance in Eastern Asia has been ended for all time to come."

THE SEASON OF REMEMBRANCE: Captain D. W. Belcher, Captain W. C. Boulter, and Mr. A. Wilcox, all of whom have the Victoria Cross, pictured together at the eighteenth annual Ypres Day commemoration service held on the Horse Guards Parade, Whitehall, last Sunday. Captain Belcher was the first territorial ranker to win the V.C., gaining the coveted honour in May, 1915, when serving as a sergeant. He received a commission in 1916

AMERICA'S BROADCAST SCARE



"THE DESTROYING MONSTERS FROM MARS WRECK THE RAILWAYS": This dramatic picture by Warwick Goble shows the "vast mechanical bodies" which, as described by H. G. Wells in his novel, *The War of the Worlds*, came down from the planet and invaded the earth. Last Sunday a broadcast version of this gripping story was given in America over the Columbia broadcasting system and, as a result, many who switched on after the commencement of the programme really believed that an invasion of America had taken place, scenes of indescribable confusion occurring in some states

A HORRIFIC VISION: *Above* and *above on left*—Two more impressions of the mechanised monsters which Wells described in his book, *The War of the Worlds*, and the wireless description of which spread terror throughout the United States last Sunday. *Below on left*—Citizens fleeing from the poisoned vapour let loose by the Martians

These remarkable illustrations by Warwick Goble appeared in *Pearson's Magazine* in 1897 when H. G. Wells's famous novel, *The War of the Worlds*, was serialised, and they are reproduced herewith by the courtesy of the editor of *Pearson's*. Last Sunday's panic in America, which took place during the presentation of the broadcast version of the story, was almost incredible in its extent, many people evacuating their homes in the belief that the Martian monsters would be upon them at any moment. The programme was made infinitely more realistic by the use of American place names, and this was really the whole cause of the trouble

A EUROPEAN SURVEY:

A DAY OF MIXED FEELINGS IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA: General Sirovy (left), the Premier, standing before the grave of the late President Masaryk, founder of the Republic, after placing a wreath there to mark the 20th anniversary of the creation of the state. In spite of the efforts of reactionary influences to prevent any notice being taken of the anniversary, the day was celebrated throughout the country

BORDERLINE TALK: Herr von Ribbentrop (centre), Germany's Foreign Minister, and Count Ciano (right), Italy's Foreign Minister and the Duce's son-in-law, pictured during their meeting in Rome last week when they discussed plans for arbitrating in the Czechoslovak-Hungarian dispute. On Wednesday of this week the two statesmen met again in Vienna and, in the presence of the Czech and Hungarian Foreign Ministers, set about the task of delineating the frontier between the two countries

A MUSSOLINI WEDS: The Duce's second son, Bruno, and his bride, Signorina Gina Roberti, daughter of Commendatore Guido Roberti, kneeling together during their marriage last Saturday in St. Joseph's Church, Rome. The Duce can be seen standing against a pillar in the background. Bruno Mussolini is an Air Lieutenant

General Sirovy at the Grave of Masaryk: Ribbentrop and Ciano Chosen as Arbitrators Over Hungary's Border Claims: Bruno Mussolini and His Bride: Women in the Chamber of Deputies

MOTHERS OF FRANCE waiting to watch President and Madame Lebrun arrive to unveil a monument near the Paris University City "to the glory of French mothers who have given their sons in the service of the nation." At the same time comes news of the alarming decline in France's birth rate, which has been the subject of much discussion at a meeting in Limoges. Several speakers mentioned war-fear as a cause

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THE HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC women entered the Chamber of Deputies last week where they were invited to tell the Army Commission their plans for organising women in time of national emergency. The leader of the delegation was Louise Weiss (second from left), the noted suffragette. Several years ago, it may be remembered, she chained herself to the gates of the Tuileries as a protest against the continued denial of votes to women

DIPLOMATIC LEAVE-TAKING: Madame Poncet, wife of M. Francois Poncet, for six years French Ambassador in Berlin, greeting General Udet, Chief of the Technical Bureau of the German Air Force and war-time ace, at the farewell gathering given by the Ambassador before he left to take up his new appointment as Ambassador in Rome

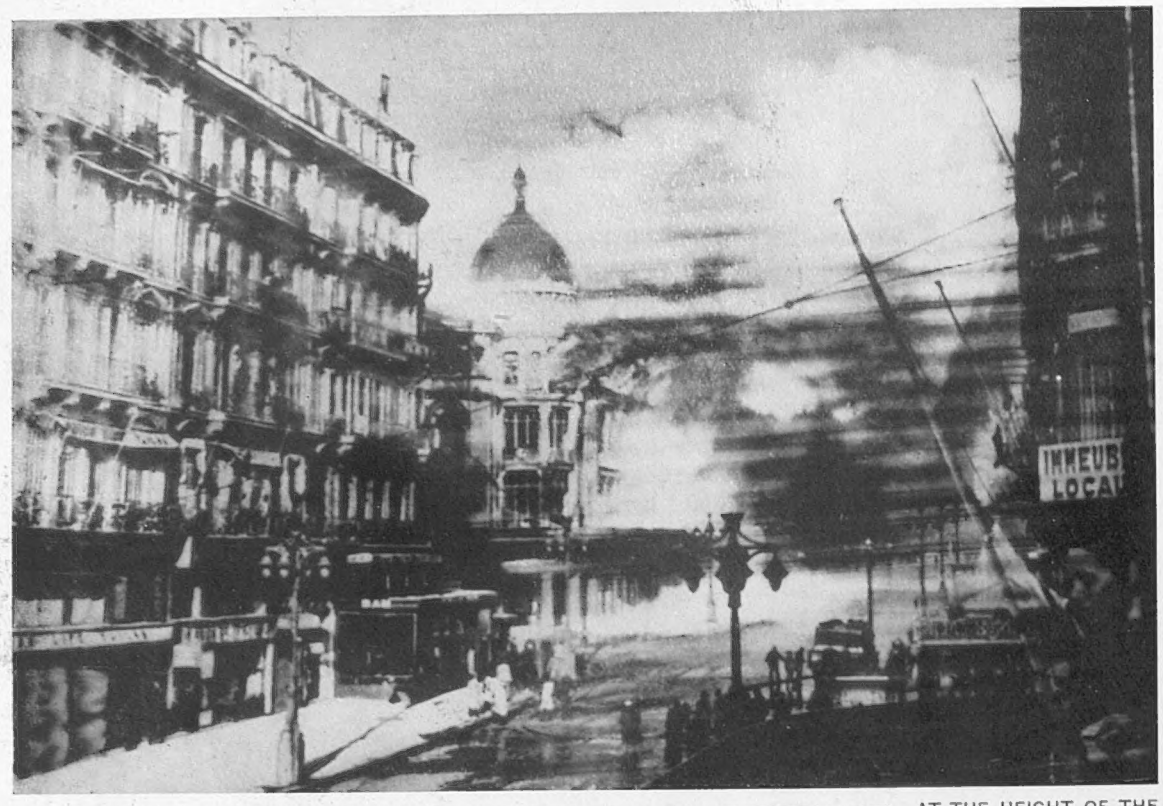
AUSTRALIA'S NEXT "VICEREINE"

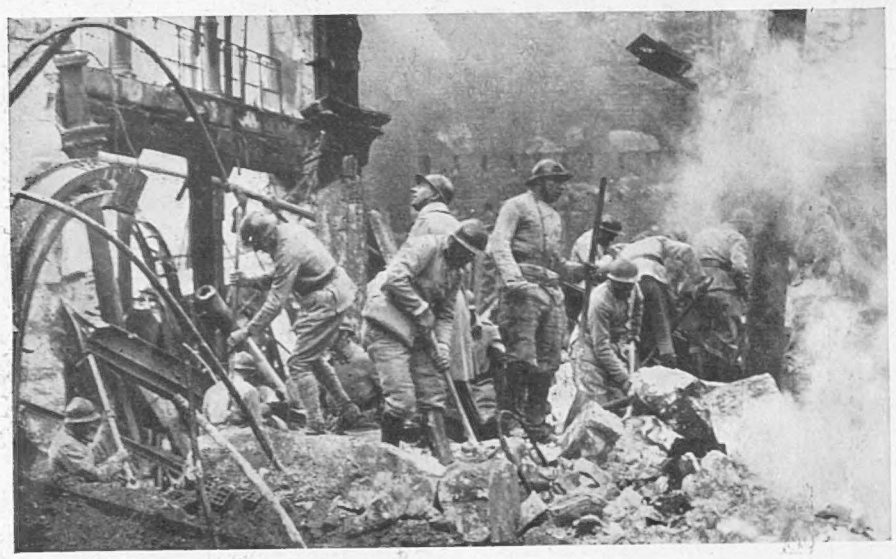
CHARITY PREMIERE AT A SUBURBAN CINEMA: The Duchess of Kent walking to her seat in the Granada Cinema, Clapham Junction, on arriving to attend a presentation of the film *Letter of Introduction* which was given in aid of charity. Needless to say, the ninepennies and one-and-sixpennies were packed, but not at the usual prices

RED-LETTER DAY IN NORTH LONDON: The Duchess of Kent pictured with the Mayor of St. Pancras as she arrived to open the new Nurses' House at the Elizabeth Garrett Anderson Hospital, of which she is president. In about a year's time the Duchess will be going to Australia, where the Duke is to be Governor-General, and, while London is already bemoaning the impending loss of its fashion leader, the Commonwealth is anticipating the arrival of its "Vicereine" with pleasurable excitement

MARSEILLES RAVAGED BY A GREAT FIRE

Over Seventy Die in a Disastrous Blaze in the Canebière: Flames not Subdued for Twenty Hours





AT THE HEIGHT OF THE FIRE: A view looking towards the store, Les Galeries Nouvelles, as the flames, fanned by the high wind, roared across the Rue Canebière and attacked buildings on the opposite side during the great blaze which occurred in the heart of Marseilles on October 28 and continued for twenty hours. Two days later it was estimated that at least seventy-three persons had lost their lives, while incalculable material destruction was done in an area covering 250,000 sq. yards, half a dozen buildings, including three large hotels, being either totally or partially destroyed

On left—
SEARCHING FOR VICTIMS amid the debris of the gutted department store where the big fire began at a time when the place was packed with customers attending a special sale

ALL THAT REMAINED OF THE NOUVE could be organised and, within catastrophic proportions what was out of action. Another was mistral which fanned the blaze

On left—
A MASS OF FANTASTICALLY TWISTED STEELWORK: A glimpse of the big store on the day following the outbreak. The place "burnt like a haystack" said one eye-witness, and it was not until some hours later that the fire brigades, one of which was summoned from Lyons, 200 miles away, succeeded in making any impression on the flames. A correspondent of *The Times* stated that many of the hosepipes, being rotten with age, merely burst the moment the water was turned on, while inadequate pressure rendered of little use those that did hold

On right—
HOW THE BLAZE SPREAD: This picture shows the way in which the flames licked across the street from the department store, where the fire started, to the Hotel de Noailles, which at once began burning from the top downwards. At the time of the disaster M. Daladier and many other prominent politicians were staying in the hotel for the annual Radical Party Congress

GALERIES after the disaster on October 28 when the fire spread with such speed that panic broke out before help minutes, the whole place was a blazing inferno. An unhappy coincidence of several factors combined to swell to such otherwise have been no more than a minor outbreak. One was that the automatic sprinkler system in the store the construction of the store and its contents made it an easy prey for the flames. A third was the strong a torrent of fire was pouring across the Canebière, starting a fresh outbreak in the opposite buildings

M. HERRIOT LOOKS ON: The President of the French Chamber (who is seen towards the right of the group) watched the fire. In his capacity as Mayor of Lyons he phoned through to that city for fire-fighting reinforcements which arrived later in the day and rendered valuable service. *On right*—Troops engaged in laying dynamite beneath a burnt-out portion of the Galeries Nouvelles, many standing parts of which were blown up as a safety first measure after the fire had subsided

INDIAN DEFENCE COMMITTEE LEAVES: The expert committee appointed by the Government to advise on defence problems in India left Victoria Station by the P. and O. boat train on Monday morning. The committee has been set up to consider how the country's resources for defence expenditure could be used to best advantage. The group shows from left to right—Sir Ernest Strohmenger, Major-General Sir B. N. Sergison-Brooke, Admiral of the Fleet Lord Chatfield (chairman), and Air Vice-Marshal C. L. Courtney

MODERNISING *the* INDIAN ARMY:

Lord Chatfield and His Committee to Investigate A Perennial Problem Which Has Not Become Easier Under The New Conditions

By SIR GEORGE MACMUNN K.C.B., K.C.S.I.

REFORM is a word that has a critical sound, unless it be spelt with a hyphen, "re-form," when it means but alteration. The re-form of the army in India is now very much in the air, and an important committee of inquiry, with Lord Chatfield as president, is now proceeding to India. It will examine and report on the re-formation of the Indian Army and defence matters generally, with reference to the advanced mechanisation that is the order of the day in Europe, and the knowledge that we are now gaining of the air, both its marvels and its limitations. While for the last ten years the Ministry in England had refused to face facts and had starved military progress, the army in India could not wait. It re-equipped and reorganised itself to meet its own requirements. However good that reorganisation was while the home Government remained in the desert of indecision and desperate economy, now that military matters have taken such a spurt there are many difficult matters to settle.

India is a poor country, and the money available for its military and other defence expenditure is strictly limited. How to get duck and green peas for tuppence has been the problem of every commander-in-chief since the days of Lord Roberts. Of late years it has been difficult to get the duck, let alone the peas. Under the new system of the reforms of Government, the financial resources of the Central Government have been put into the straitest of waistcoats and have no expansible power. The army has been cut in the modernisation of its equipment to pay for all the luxuries of Parliaments. Now that the wind has started to blow, two pleas have come up. One is that these new equipments are more for Imperial than Indian needs, and therefore should be paid or partially paid for by Britain. The other plea is "me poor man sah, no can pay" even for her own requirements. Both of these pleas are true, and this has been recognised in recent discussions, and Britain will make a grant to India because of the services an efficient army has rendered and will render to the Empire, and also a big grant for the bringing of British units' equipment more into line with the policy now obtaining in Britain.

The reason for this has been pressing, for British units coming home for war, and reservists returning to the reserve, might well be wanting in much of the requirements and knowledge of the day. The Indian frontiers, it is true, mean more rifle units than anything else, but to come to the help of Afghanistan might mean more mechanised units than the small "mechanised force" now being perfected in India can provide. India is fortunate in its petrol supply. It is true that the indigenous supply, as yet though by no means negligible, is not great, but Burma and the Persian Gulf are not far away. During and after the world war motor vehicles were almost non-existent, and the army had no source of expansion in civil life. It was like Oliver and Bumble when years ago I asked for more money for motors of all kinds and repair shops, and one nearly lost one's commission. That is passing as the civil life of India expands towards modernism. Indian opinion is calling for more mechanisation in the Indian Army.

In the recent agreement come to upon these grave matters, it is announced that the number of British battalions in India is to be reduced by four. While such a step will arouse misgivings in many quarters, and would even seem to be giving way to the demands of agitators, there are many other factors. In the first place it is the only method of economy that gives a substantial sum for other purposes. It does meet with the difficulty of the last few years of finding drafts to maintain the units in India, though that may be passing, and the Indian drafts always left the battalions at home "squeezed lemons." In wartime this is remedied by the calling up of the reserve.

Great things have little things attached. The Indian soldier for the last sixty or seventy years has worn an eastern head-dress of the type worn by the race from which he is drawn. The pugaree has been admirably suited to the Indian soldier and his warfare, but it is not suited to a gas mask, nor a steel head-cover. A considerable discussion has been in progress for some time. What head-dress is suitable to the Indian soldier, will not excite his prejudices, will preserve his racial spirit, and will go with helm and mask? Perhaps the difficulties to be overcome are less than twenty years ago, since Riza, Shah of Persia, has introduced the Pahlevi hat, and Turkey has abandoned all eastern dress and likes the cloth cap and the soft felt. The new Indian Navy do not wear the pirate cap of the Indian Marine, but are dressed as blue-jackets. Before the Mutiny the Indian Army were dressed as the Queen's Army, and up till the '70's most corps wore the Kilmarnock cap, as Gurkhas do to this day, with a "smasher hat" in the field, which gives some sun protection, takes the gas mask, and is easily packed. It is an untidy conception, however, yet liked. Probably the Indian Army would take to a European head-dress more readily than one would suppose. At any rate, millineries of all kinds are always exciting, and in this case utility is very important. But that will not come within Lord Chatfield's purview.

THE FUTURE *of the* BRITISH COLONIES:

Apart From The African Mandatory Areas, What Is Whitehall's Aim Concerning Our Undisputed Colonial Possessions?

By MAJOR C. S. JARVIS

FROM time to time during the past eighteen months the question of the return to Germany of certain mandatory areas held by Great Britain, France, and Japan has come into the headlines of the daily press only to die away in the face of some more pressing news. At each reappearance of the question the colonies themselves have expressed an unwillingness or a strongly-worded determination not to return to their former status. Opinions have been expressed, letters have been written to the editor, and there the matter has ended. . .

These phenomena must be familiar to all newspaper readers, but what has not been brought to their notice is another and highly important aspect of the governance of our undisputed colonial possessions—the new policy which has gradually crept in regarding the inhabitants of these same possessions. One says "crept in" advisedly, for there would not appear to be any definite instructions emanating from Whitehall, and it would seem that each Governor or Governor-General on appointment has followed more or less in the steps of his predecessor, and any divergencies that have been made have been in the nature of weakening our hold.

This policy is the direct antithesis of that employed by the other Great Powers who are our neighbours in Africa, for with us there is no attempt whatsoever to instil into the minds of our subject peoples that they are members of the British Empire. On the other hand, one finds a definite tendency to teach backward and primitive natives not to regard themselves as British subjects, but to fill them instead with a vague longing for nationalism and that bugbear of 1919 and the peace treaty—self-determination. Self-determination for small and backward nations may be a beautiful Utopian ideal, but unfortunately it is supremely unworkable in the world to-day, and constitutes moreover a potential danger to those Powers who sponsor or guarantee their independence.

In Morocco and Algiers, and also in Italian Libya since its subjection, both France and Italy are working on the lines of teaching the inhabitants to consider themselves members of their new Mother-country and by this means to create a huge reserve of man-power. It is a common experience to meet Moors and Libyans nowadays who insist with pride upon their French or Italian nationality and to ignore the fact that they are of another race. Nothing of the sort ever occurs in the case of a British colony or dependency and it would be refreshing indeed to hear a Somali or Nigerian soldier state that he was a British subject, or a Cypriote Greek proclaim his British nationality on some other occasion than his appearance in an Egyptian police court on a charge of drug-running.

Cyprus is, perhaps, the most glaring instance of this strange policy of ours. After fifty-nine years of British occupation the great mass of the adult population speak Greek and nothing else, the reason for this being that until quite recently the control of education in the island was vested in Athens and not London. Excuses may be advanced for this state of affairs because, although Cyprus was occupied in 1878, it was not annexed until 1914 and only definitely became a Crown Colony in 1925. Such fine distinctions and laudable scruples, however, have not worried Italy in connection with her occupation of Rhodes, as in fourteen years this island has become completely Italianised and, into the bargain, something of a show place.

Forty years ago when the colonisation of Africa was more or less in its infancy the British system of administration, as compared with that of others, was undoubtedly the most suitable and the most humane. In those days the ideal was to allow the native to live his own life, apply his own laws and customs, and abide by his own religion. The guiding hand was a gentle one and the principle was to keep the native in his state of natural simplicity and to better his lot only by instituting measures for the maintenance of public health, improvement of agriculture, and observance of law and order.

We live to-day in the world of radio, with foreign propaganda broadcasts that are listened to in all parts of the mid-east and north Africa; strangers of all races and all creeds arrive and depart in the back of beyond by aeroplane and motor car, and as the result the native no longer lives his care-free life of splendid isolation unmindful of the world outside.

As a result of this there has been a tendency not to counteract the evils that are creeping in from outside by different methods of administration, but to weaken our hold on our colonies and dependencies by educating the inhabitants up to a higher standard—a standard which it is beyond his mentality to attain—and encouraging him to look forward to the day when as a member of an independent race he will help to control his own country. This system is apparently inspired by the ideas which have grown so enormously in Great Britain since the conclusion of the late war and its application abroad is based on the belief on the political equality of man. This it has been proved is a fallacy even in Europe; it is still more a fallacy in Africa where generations must pass away before this ideal can be applied and the primitive coloured people of the continent trained to manage their own country.

The question of the defence of these African possessions of ours is another point that requires attention.

Our policy with regard to the raising of colonial troops is based upon our pacific ideas of not militarising our subject peoples, but it is a moot point whether we can afford to adhere to these out-of-date if laudable ideals with the menace of huge, trained masses on all our African frontiers.

Actually, a short term of military service, so far from being harmful, has a most beneficial effect on the Somali, Hausa, or Sudani, as it gives him the benefit of all the best results of civilisation with none of its disadvantages. It is a recognised fact in all our possessions that the coloured soldier on retirement is a definite asset to the country and a decided influence for good in his village after his tour of duty.

In the colonial world to-day, and more particularly in Africa, two different schools of thought have come face to face, which was not the case previously when size and space made the British conception the better of the two. Other nations in the Dark Continent are creating not dependencies of primitive agriculturists but vast reservoirs of coloured citizens to whom the laws of conscription apply, and now that distance and isolation have been annihilated by the internal combustion engine we can no longer afford to ignore or waste our time deploring the new order of things.

TAKING NO CHANCES: British troops searching citizens for arms on their return to the Old City of Jerusalem through the Damascus Gate. They had been allowed to go outside the walled area in small parties in order to buy much-needed supplies of fruit and vegetables which had not been available for some time past. Last week Jerusalem was reported to be comparatively normal following its occupation by British forces and the rout of most of the armed Arabs, but the Military Governor, Major-General O'Connor, only permitted a partial relaxation of the curfew as rebels were still in possession of the sacred area of Haram-esh-Sherif

JERUSALEM UNDER MILITARY CONTROL

BREAD LINES IN THE VIA DOLOROSA: *Left*—Women and children thronging the street as they waited for a free distribution of loaves which were handed out from a lorry (*right*) by Red Cross men on behalf of the Jerusalem Department of Health. Six thousand loaves have been supplied each day

AN ANTWERP HAWKER GAINS POLITICAL POWER

The Strange Case of Leo Frenssen: His Sweeping Election Victory

Chance Enables Him to Hold the Balance in the City's Government

A LEAP INTO THE LIMELIGHT: This Tolstoyan figure showing his athletic prowess in an Antwerp street is Leo Frenssen, the Belgian hawker of groceries, who has astounded his fellow citizens by forming a new political party which at the recent elections actually gained six seats on the Antwerp Municipal Council, thus giving him the balance of power. Frenssen labels himself a technocrat and urges that technical experts, not professional politicians, should be placed at the head of both local and national affairs

By

FERDINAND TUOHY

MUNICIPAL elections have in latter years developed a way of being important. To cite but two instances, Alfonso XIII received his marching orders as the result of such a popular consultation, while no one needs reminding in regard to Czechoslovakia's elections earlier this year, and what they held for the future of that land.

There is no suggestion that the election of a pedlar as arbiter of Antwerp's court of aldermen, and thereby of the great Scheldt port's civic government, carries with it the seed of resembling revolutionary change in Belgium; nevertheless, the circumstance was sufficiently arresting to warrant inquiry, especially when a fog hold-up of six solid hours in the Belgo-Dutch estuary left one with nothing to do on arrival at Antwerp, pending the departure of the morrow's international trains.

I found Leo Frenssen, hero of the day, with no difficulty. He keeps a small grocer's shop in the Long Street of Sand. But he does not sell there. His wife does that. Frenssen has for years peddled the port, in all weathers, on an ancient tricycle, hawking his coffee and tea, and his own broadsheet, the *Scout*. That is how all Antwerp grew to know him.

There was much commotion in the bunting-hung street, and the centre of it was quite clearly a large-sized man with red hair and a great red beard. Gendarmes saluted this individual with a "Good evening, Mr. the Councillor." The populace hailed him with the salutation "*Proficiat*," to which Leo Frenssen responded with as many handshakes and "*Proficiats*" as he could get in. Such is evidently Sand Street's version of "Heil."

Then a remarkable thing occurred. I went nearer and recognised in "the man of the day" none other than he who was selling peanuts outside a cinema I visited when last in Antwerp, in the spring. Could it really be so that a peanut vendor had overnight become the most important citizen in this great port—the second or third on the Continent? And, if so, how had this transpired? What was at the bottom of the phenomenon by which the second city in Belgium, numbering in its extended form quite 500,000 inhabitants, had elected this extraordinary customer so that he held the balance of civic power?

When a year or so ago our subject saw fit to visit Brussels, Burgomaster Max promptly had him arrested for vagabondage. Not only that, but Frenssen was held for nine days under observation at the Brugmann hospital. If you imagine a red Tolstoy with a touch of Tarzan, an apostle of Messianic appearance, a bit of Marble Arch on Sunday afternoon, a primitive, a "savage," a vast, leonine fellow of fifty-eight, who thinks nothing of bursting into physical jerks on the public highway, as a means of spreading part of his cult, you may understand why the good Burgomaster deemed Frenssen a little excessive for Brussels.

The capital has long thought the Antwerpers "queer"—much as so many of the French consider Alsatians odd. Did not Antwerp for many years send a condemned traitor, Borms, to sit in the national Parliament? Predominantly Flemish in speech and outlook, but considerably coloured by a floating or international population, Belgium's No. 1 port did strange things. But the strangest of all was this Frenssen fellow. The country as a whole decided that. After the elections a week ago reporters bore down on Sand Street not only from all over Belgium but from Holland and Paris. Had a new political star risen in the firmament? After all, one never knew nowadays. This man had straight-away polled no fewer than 21,500 votes. World-famed dictators had begun with but a tiny proportion of that aggregate.

As to get into Frenssen's "Colonial Wares" store was out of the question, what with admirers handing in flowers and small boys asking for autographs, I passed the time of day chatting to a neighbour on the pavement. What was the explanation? I inquired. To which came answer something in this style:

"Antwerp is going through a bad period of faulty administration, unbalanced budgets, soaring prices and wages, and growing port idleness. Hamburg and Rotterdam are being permitted steadily to encroach on what has long been ours. Unemployment mounts. The populace became dissatisfied with all three parties that have since the war been running the municipality—the Socialists, the Catholics, the Liberals. So this time it gave each of the trio a knock by surprisingly voting in mass for Frenssen, a personal, independent candidature that no one took seriously. You will discover that his is a Utopian cure for our ills, but at least he is honest and something different . . . and the women, who voted heavily, were so attracted by his physical appearance. On the eve of the election the Communists issued a manifesto charging Frenssen with being a Don Juan of more than doubtful calibre. It is believed to have cost Frenssen 5,000 votes which, had he obtained them, would have put him top of the whole poll."

"So what is going to happen now or next?" I went on.

"The three big victims of the elections are going to try to get together by January 1, so that they may work on a joint majority, but the odds are that they will be unable to sink their differences, in which case Frenssen and his five co-elected followers will no doubt offer to back up the Socialists, giving these the power in consequence. But Frenssen will be the arbiter of this power. As for his co-elected, they are as curious customers as himself. A short while ago he put an advertisement in his broadsheet asking for candidates to stand with him as 'Technocrats of World Order.' Five readers responded, and all have been elected—an accordion player, a hairdresser's assistant, a mason, a radio-fitter, a labourer. There they are now in our historic town hall, and with a hawker at their head! The entire 'Technocrat' party officially numbered only eleven a few days ago, including three women—one a shopgirl."

The next thing, obviously, was to find out what the Technocrats hoped to put over. Frenssen, I learnt, was presently going out on his usual evening's hawking awheel in the working-class districts, but later he would be accessible in the town hall whither he now repaired each evening, as the most discussed personage in it, not excepting the Lord Mayor and all his aldermen. And lo, after a while Leo did emerge from the little store in Sand Street, and duly mounted his tricycle to the accompaniment of cheers and more "*Proficiats*." And off he peddled through the throng, waving to right and left. A brown velvet suit with wide breeches, Russian high boots, and a pullover to the throat formed his wardrobe. Headgear he eschews, his red locks and beard either waving in the breeze or straggling in the rain.

In the succeeding hour or two I learnt more about Antwerp's phenomenon.

Born in Limburg, on the Dutch frontier, he left any schooling he ever knew, at the age of thirteen. His university thereafter was the street in which he "saw and heard much." Reading has never been his long suit. At the beginning of the century he was in turn shoeing-smith and gymnastics instructor, in which latter capacity he emerged rather startlingly as "the natural man." At that time (1905) he was all red hair, bare legs and sandals, and simple life stuff, and became known as "the hirsute moujik." Then for twenty years he was an adjuster in Antwerp until he stood as a Communist candidate and lost his job, upon which he assumed his present role of hawker.

He has hawked for thirteen years, and in 1928 was expelled from the local Communist party, thereafter adhering to Socialism until recently. He is now an autocrat, and has his own party, or so he says, and on October 23 there was a meeting of his chief followers, at which an oath of loyalty was taken.

It can be said with some truth that Frenssen's success is no 100 per cent. freak affair. For fifteen years he has been a recognised militant social worker, present at most meetings, selling postcards of himself; canvassing from house to house the while he purveyed his groceries to susceptible housewives of little or no political initiation; seeking to persuade small circles of doubters or jibers "with sweet reasonableness of evangelical accent." All agree that Frenssen's apostle-like bearing and gentle argument have been his strongest assets. No one has a bad word for him, his popularity extending up to salons where he is valued for his anti-dictatorial views . . . and his picturesqueness . . . unless he watches out, he may now be lionised to a perhaps fatal degree.

The Frenssen who holds court in the Salle des Pas Perdus of the town hall, very dignified and master of himself, is no longer the velvet-garbed primitive one of the Long Street of Sand. Now he is dressed in a perfectly good lounge suit, sports a tie, and his hair is brushed in orderly manner. "He is already grooming himself for the sash of alderman," someone says in an undertone.

The Frenssen programme is revealed as strangely reminiscent of early-on New Deal talk across the ocean. It is reared on Seventeen Points, of which the following are the principal: Protection of the people's interests, of the port and town, with a view to creation of Greater Antwerp; Unity and collaboration of productive forces; Immediate balancing of the city's finances by means of rational exploiting of the port, lighting, transport and other urban services; Reduction of excessive salaries—increase of too low ones; Common school system, free of charge, and financial assistance for children whose parents earn less than £200 a year; Development of moral teaching and of open-air instruction; Development of Fine Arts and literary instruction; Improvement of public health by concentrating on the schools, opening stadiums and swimming pools; Teaching of Esperanto; Suppression of slums, cheap housing programme; Full liberty of public speech.

Much of it distressingly sweeping and vague, and more than a whiff of Dr. Townsend of pensions-for-all-at-sixty notoriety? Maybe so. Yet the strong bias in favour of children and of the young caused thousands of Under Thirties to vote Frenssen.

There is no doubt where Frenssen's heart really is—with the schoolchildren; whence his desire to be local Minister of Education. (Not that he knows Esperanto, by the way.)

One overheard the man of the day conversing in this fashion as his court drew to a close:—

"I am the master of Antwerp. I have become so because of my quiet and respectable methods of propaganda. I have never shouted or broken the law, but have merely sought to persuade by perseverance and tenacity. Prior to our election I held only one meeting, at which less than 100 attended. Yet nearly 22,000 voted for us. They may rest assured that we are not going to be a sterile group, blocking beneficial innovations. The other parties require my group in order to form a majority. Very well. I am ready to sustain in power the progressive parties, the Liberal-Socialist cartel that has just been beaten, and which cannot carry on without me. My terms? That I be placed in charge of public instruction, granted that aldermanic sash."

To which there were cries of "*Proficiat*." And meanwhile most of Belgium smiles.

All the same, and however puerile and no doubt largely unattainable the Frenssen programme, though some of it looks to be good enough, one cannot help thinking that there is more in the whole business than the above smilings and belittlings would tend to indicate. One was struck, in Antwerp, by the general popularity this man enjoys, a popularity—let us say it—with a touch of the saint in it.

FRANCO RELEASES BRITISH PRISONERS | JAPAN BUILDS A WARSHIP FOR SIAM

HOME FROM THE CIVIL WAR: These British ex-members of the International Brigade, who are seen walking along the quay on arrival at Newhaven, constituted the first batch of the 100 British prisoners of war released by General Franco. In return the Spanish Government released 100 of their Italian prisoners. The arrangements for this repatriation were made by the British and Italian representatives in Spain. Of the released Britons a large proportion were captured during Franco's sweep forward across Aragon towards Catalonia last March. The men hail from many parts of the United Kingdom

TO AUGMENT THE FAR FROM ADEQUATE ROYAL SIAMESE NAVY Japan has built the 2,200-ton gunboat *Dhonburi* which, when these pictures were taken, was paying a ceremonial visit to Yokohama before sailing to Bangkok to take up her commission. *Above* is a close-up view of the curious relief work on the guns, and *on the right* the vessel is seen at her moorings. The *Dhonburi*, which has been constructed by the Kawasaki Company, of Kobe, has an armament of four 8-in. guns and four anti-aircraft guns, while she is able to steam at a maximum of 15½ knots. The fact that she has been built in a Japanese shipyard is indicative of the friendly relations at the moment existing between the two countries concerned—a product of astute long-distance Japanese foreign policy

IN TANGANYIKA'S CAPITAL: Native troops on parade before H.E. the Governor in Dar-es-Salaam on a ceremonial occasion. Tanganyika, to which German propagandists have frequently laid claim of recent months, is, to use the official phraseology, "that portion of the former colony of German East Africa which, under Article 22, Part I, of the Treaty of Peace with Germany, the Principal Allied and Associated Powers agreed should be administered under a mandate by His Britan Majesty." The majority of Europeans and natives in the territory have lately voi their desire to remain under British authority, and representations on the subject h been made to the Colonial Office. Of recent years political conditions in Tangar have been free of untoward incident, and the Germans have shown no united

NATIVE LIFE IN THE CAMEROONS: *Above*—A gathering for the feast of Ramadan, and (*below*) a chief riding among his warriors. In 1882 the native chiefs in the Cameroons asked that the country should be annexed by Great Britain. No action was taken in the matter until 1884, and then the British Mission found on its arrival that it had been forestalled by five days by the Germans to whose rule considerable opposition later developed. After the war the greater part of the territory came under French mandate. The administration has of late been very much criticised for its laxity

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, DAR-ES-SALAAM: A detachment of African tr drawn up outside the Governor's residence in Tanganyika's cap It was at this spot that natives recently staged a demonstra demanding that there should be no return of the territor Germany. Before the close of the war Tanganyika was know German East Africa, having come into being through the con of the British and French Governments, and also that of the S. of Zanzibar, who received the sum of £200,000 from the Ger

THE QUESTION *of the* AFRICAN MANDATES

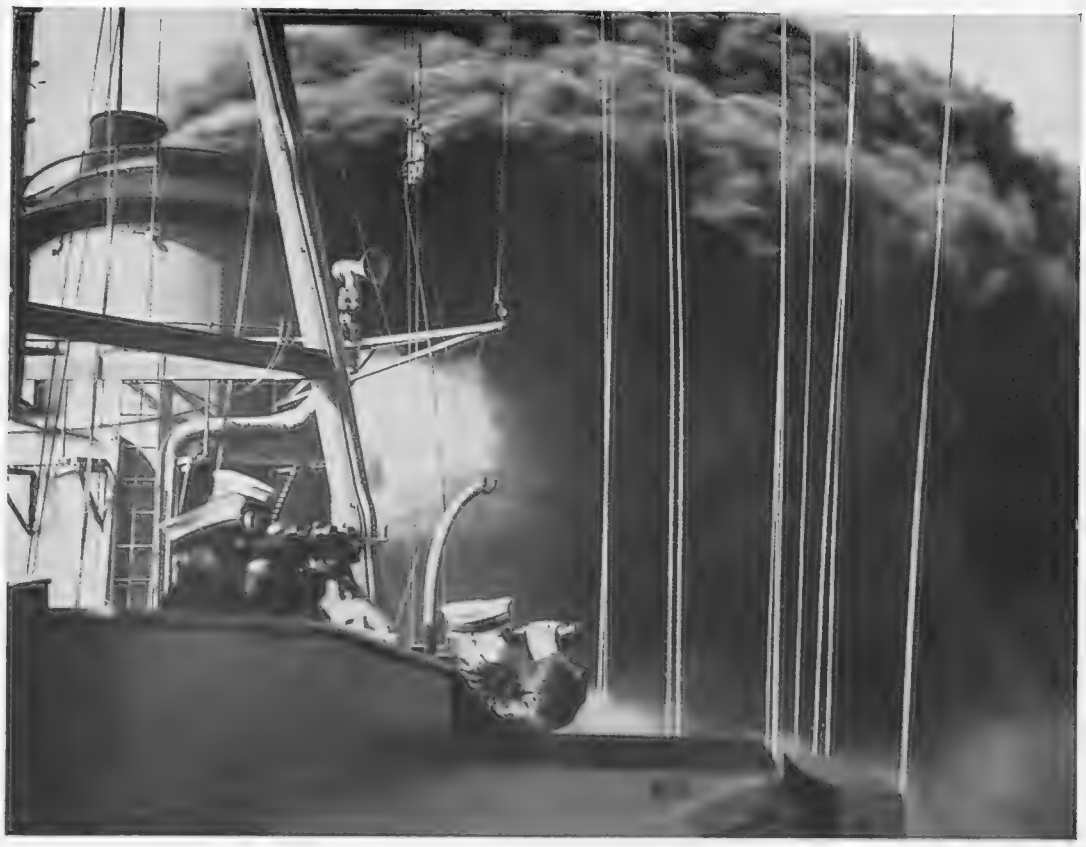
Life in Tanganyika, Togoland, and the Cameroons To-day: How the Territories Were Acquired, and Other Aspects of the Situation

HOW TANGANYIKA'S POLICE KEEP FIT: Natives engaged in gymnastics and self-defence exercises at a mountain camp. The force consisted in 1937 of sixty-two European officers and non-commissioned officers and 1,638 natives, a high standard of discipline being maintained in the ranks. The police have to deal with quite a polyglot community, including Europeans, Indians, Goans, Arabs and Ceylonese. The European population of 9,100 includes 4,145 British subjects, 2,981 Germans, and 853 Greeks

THE MACHINE SHOPS OF THE TANGANYIKA RAILWAYS AT TABORA, where natives work under the supervision of British overseers. Tabora is of some commercial importance, as it lies at the junction of the main caravan routes from the coast to Lake Tanganyika and from Lakes Victoria to Nyasa. It was at Tabora that Livingstone parted from Stanley in 1872 when the latter returned to Europe

Colonisation Society. The Germans were notorious for drastic treatment of the natives, and had to deal with at least one major revolt, but, following the visit of the German Colonial Secretary in 1907, less severe methods of government were employed. During the great War German East Africa was the scene of bitter hostilities, which did not end till the armistice of November, 1918, when General von Lettow-Vorbeck finally surrendered. Thereafter the territory was placed under League of Nations mandate, Britain having charge of the administration

A TYPICAL EUROPEAN RESIDENCE AT LOME, seat of administration in Togoland, the greater part of which is now under French mandate. During "the scramble for Africa" in the last century Dr. Gustav Nachtigal, German Imperial Commissioner, induced the King of Togo to place his country under German suzerainty. This took place in 1884, and thereafter the history of the colony was on the whole one of peaceful progress. Before the German annexation the lagoons were a favourite resort of slavers, a trade in which the Portuguese, the British, the French, and the Germans took part



THE NAVY'S MOBILISATION FEAT

The Dramatic Story of How it was Carried Through During the International Crisis : A Bill for £12,000,000

By LT.-COM. KENNETH EDWARDS

WHEN, at 11.38 p.m. on the night of Tuesday, September 27, the Admiralty issued the orders for the mobilisation of the fleet, a gigantic machine was set in motion. The machine began to work immediately, although the mobilisation was not strictly on a legal footing until the signing of the Royal Proclamation on the following morning.

There are 68,500 men in the various reserves of the Royal Navy, and they are scattered all over the country. Many are actually abroad in time of peace. Mobilisation, however, means far more than the calling up of all these men. The fleets of the Royal Navy are always ready, but they are not normally on a war footing. To place them on such a footing the complement of practically every ship has to be increased. In the first instance, these crews are brought up to their war-time strength by ratings of the active list. These come from the pools of man-power at the three manning ports of Portsmouth, Chatham, and Plymouth, where many of the men are undergoing specialist courses or awaiting draft.

The first thing that happened when the mobilisation orders were sent out, therefore, was that all specialist courses came to an abrupt end. Men learning about guns and torpedoes were hurried away from the ports to join the ships for which they were earmarked. Since the Home Fleet had "disappeared" to its war base in the Orkneys, this meant a long journey and arrangements for transport and meals and so on. There was also the Mediterranean Fleet to be thought of, and that fleet was at Alexandria.

Hardly were the regular ratings clear of the manning depots before the reservists began to arrive. The mobilisation order called upon all men of the Royal Fleet Reserve, Class B, to report immediately to their manning depot. There are 11,800 men in this class of reserve. The Royal Naval Reserve, a further 9,800 men, were to get local instructions. So were the men of the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve. Officers, naval pensioners, and men of the Royal Naval Volunteer Supplementary Reserve were told to await individual summonses. Many thousands of telegrams went out from the Admiralty calling up the latter. About 2,000 retired officers of the Royal Navy suddenly found themselves back on the active list.

It was the men of the Royal Fleet Reserve who began pouring into the manning depots on the morning of September 28. Although it was nearly midnight before the orders for mobilisation were sent out from Whitehall, many men joined before 8 a.m. next morning. By noon there were thousands of reservists in the depots, and they came in by every train and every known form of transport.

The organisation of the depots was taxed to its limit—but it worked very well indeed. Certainly, things were a bit slow to begin with, but that was hardly surprising. The work had to be hurriedly taken over from the active service personnel who had left for the fleet, and it was a machine which can never be tried out in time of peace. Actually, the machine had never before been put into operation in emergency. When war broke out in 1914 there was no hurried mobilisation of the fleet, for the fleet was already mobilised. It had been mobilised in slow time three weeks before for the great review at Spithead, and the only thing which had to be done was to cancel the demobilisation.

As each man arrived at the manning depot he was given a meal and a "mobilisation card." This card contained a number of marked squares. With this card the man took his place in the queue, and he did not leave that queue until he was ready in every respect to leave at once for the ship or establishment to which he was detailed. First, each man was medically examined, and the fact noted by the filling of one square on his card by the impression of a rubber stamp. Dental examination filled another square. Eyesight test filled another. Others were devoted to the issue of gas mask, test of the gas mask, issue of additional uniform to bring his kit up to war-time requirements, and the issue of his orders, meal tickets, and travelling warrants.

Naturally, all this took time, and no man could leave the queue or there would have been chaos. Therefore snack bars and coffee stalls were set up at frequent intervals along the "route to active service." At the beginning it took several hours for a man to pass through the whole curriculum, but by the second day the process had been speeded up considerably in the light of experience, and men were passed through the whole process in about fifty minutes.

A tremendous strain was imposed upon the officers and men of the manning depots who had to deal with the vast influx of men. Many of them did not take their clothes off for two days and nights, and the majority were working twenty hours a day. As is only to be expected with a machine which can never be tried out, it creaked a bit to begin with, but in a few hours it was running smoothly and efficiently. In less than three days 29,000 men were passed through the three depots and made completely ready for anything.

The mobilisation was never complete. Actually, rather less than half the total reserves of the Royal Navy were placed on the active list before the stand-still order came through. The stand-still order in itself caused more work for those at the depots. It put an immediate stop to the outflow of men who had passed through all their tests and so on to the ships and establishments to which they were allocated, but for many hours more and more men kept coming into the depots.

Some things went wrong—but they were little things, and unimportant by comparison with the gigantic main undertaking. There was the case of some men sent to a place on the north-east coast to reopen and put into commission a war signal station which had not been used since 1918. When they got there they discovered that in the intervening years it had been taken over by the local authorities and converted into a public convenience. There was one officer who complained bitterly that he had been medically examined four times in a few hours.

The most notable thing about the whole mobilisation was the spirit of the men. Nearly all of them had left their civil employment at a moment's notice. Many had businesses of their own which they had had to shut down and leave. But there was no grumbling, and a wonderful discipline. It was said at one port that more beer was drunk in one night than in any other night in history—not excepting the day of the signing of the Armistice—yet there were no absentees. On the third night, when demobilisation was about to begin, more than 6,000 men were allowed on night leave. Every one of them arrived back at the depot before the expiration of leave in the morning. There was one man who was drunk, but even he was determined not to break his leave. He reported back at the right time—on all fours.

It has been estimated that the naval measures taken during the crisis cost about £12,000,000. Only a small portion of this goes to the men who were called up, but the Admiralty has been very generous to them. Men of the Royal Fleet Reserve were given a bonus of £5 immediately on joining. Moreover, every man called up was given one month's full pay in advance. This was so that the men could send money home at once and make provision for their homes and families. Fuel, the chartering of ships, and the transport of men, stores, and ammunition, form the biggest charges.

The mobilisation is not yet over. The great majority of the reservists are back at their homes and in their civil employments. There is no longer a great crowd of reservists at the depots, ready and waiting to join ships. But the fleet remains mobilised and on a war footing. It will continue to be so as long as nations on the Continent are in any degree mobilised.

The great naval mobilisation was a wonderful experience, and provided many valuable lessons. These are being carefully studied. Mobilisation of man-power for the fleet comes under the Second Sea Lord, Admiral Sir Charles Little, who is Chief of the Naval Personnel; but all the arrangements so far as ratings are concerned are worked out by the Director of Personal Services and his staff at the Admiralty. The Director of Personal Services is Rear-Admiral Pridham-Wippell.

WEIGHING ANCHOR BY HAND: Men of the *Royal Oak* operating the capstan while an officer stands in the centre to direct operations and to encourage the ratings. It is often done as a competition between ships

JUNK MODELS FOR THE NATION

The Science Museum Presented with a Magnificent Collection of Chinese Craft in Miniature

TRADING VESSELS OF SOUTH AND CENTRAL CHINA: These magnificent, large scale junk models are included in the collection of ten which Sir Frederick Maze, Inspector-General of Chinese Maritime Customs, has presented to the Science Museum, South Kensington, where they were on view for the first time on October 27. The ship *above* is a rice carrier of about 400 or 500 tons, its large draught, suited to the deep-water harbours of the south, comparing interestingly with the almost flat-bottomed Yangtse junk *on the right*. Craft operating on the swift-flowing rivers must have very little below the water-line, partly on account of shallows and partly because, thus designed, they are less in the grip of the current. Except in minor details, the general principles of Chinese boats have not altered for at least 1,000 years, and from very ancient times it is known that water-tight compartments were used, whereas they were not adopted in Europe until the last century

THE WORK OF MASTER HANDS: Magnificent painted panels, depicting Chinese domestic scenes, on the stern of a Foochow junk, and (*on right*) intricate ivory work on a mandarin's houseboat of the nineteenth century. The remarkable models shown on this page have been built in Hong Kong by Chinese craftsmen, whose work is not only very beautiful but strictly accurate down to the smallest details of rigging and decoration. The collection has great practical value, since the world can still learn a good deal from the wooden junk, which, sadly enough, is rapidly giving way to steam in Chinese waters, its decline being accelerated by the wholesale destruction of the present war

NIGHT WAS TURNED INTO DAY as firemen at Linden, New Jersey, fought the great blaze which took place recently in the city when, with a series of earth-shaking explosions, eighteen oil tanks were ripped apart, their contents bursting into flames. Streams of Foamite—oil fire-fighting chemical—were poured on the conflagration, but, none the less, it took twelve hours to put it out. The damage was estimated at £300,000

THE MORNING AFTER: The scene at Linden, New Jersey, following the all-night battle to subdue the great oil fire there. The buckled oil storage tanks give some idea of the immense force behind the series of explosions which were heard at points many miles distant. Altogether 20,000,000 gallons of oil were destroyed and sixty-six people received minor burns

WATER WAS USELESS: To combat New Jersey's oil blaze the firemen used vast quantities of Foamite. All night long the men were engaged in making the mixture which their colleagues played on to the flames. At one time it was feared the fire might spread to surrounding property

EGYPT PREPARES: Mohamed Mahmoud Pasha (left), the Egyptian Premier, inspecting a new type of gas mask received from England, at a demonstration of Air Raid Precautions held by the Egyptian police at Abbassia

LEARNING TO DO THEIR BIT: Girls from factories at Ealing are being encouraged by their employers to volunteer for training in the assembly of civilian gas masks, and some of them are pictured here receiving instruction in this work at the Home Office Regional Store, Alperton, where over 2,000,000 respirators are awaiting distribution to the London boroughs

ASHMORE ON A.R.P.

The Views of an Expert of 1917–18, and How They Apply to the Air Defence Problems of To-day

NOW that the civilian has become so intimately concerned with the subject of air defence, it is fortunate for A.R.P. that a record of unquestioned authority exists which places before the most untrained mind a clear picture of air defence in the great war, and the conclusions drawn by the author from his experience when, in 1917, he was responsible for the protection against air attack of the entire London area. To read "Air Defence" is to be conscious at once that his country can ill afford to-day the loss of the late Major-General E. B. Ashmore. And there is something in the frank, clear confidence of the words that makes one almost feel bereaved of a strong personal friend in need. The book is published by Longmans, Green and Co. The following article is an endeavour to apply the shrewd comments quoted to the present problems of air attack and defence in general, and, with some temerity, to the needs of A.R.P. in particular.

"The upkeep and training of the air force costs a good deal of money." Granted that A.R.P. is bound to become more and more closely affiliated with R.A.F., a good deal of that money will be wasted if co-operating A.R.P. is not brought up to the mark.

It would seem that this point should be kept in view during the promised and much-needed process of A.R.P. reorganisation. The rate of knots of a battle fleet is the speed of its slowest unit. Let us be very frank. A.R.P. lags. From the householder, so zealous—without panic—a few weeks ago; from the humblest warden to Horseferry House, A.R.P. lags. Why? For want of centralised control.

That goes for everything; men volunteers; women volunteers—especially women volunteers; and every auxiliary branch from the Fire Brigade's to the Civil Air Guard. It is a question if a single volunteer in the country knows precisely what he commits himself to, what his duty, his recompense, his qualification—except that the "qualified" warden knew the answer to the question, "What would you do if you cut your finger?" And how should he, when the authorities don't?

Surely the growth of the Territorial Army from its first civilian beginnings to its present status should, in the broad sense, be some guide to the solution of the problem. Sooner or later the question of finance must be squarely faced. Then we shall get our recruits; and not before. Cajoling posters won't do it.

What inducement has the average A.R.P. volunteer—inducement that squares with home duty—to devote more time to specialised training? It seems evident that he is near the limit of voluntary contribution now. How encourage him and her, in their needed millions, to come forward and go farther, unless we take the bull by the horns and scout the preposterous idea that there is the vestige of the bogey of conscription in a registered national service with a scale of bonuses for degrees of intensive training. We hear scare tales of shortage of materials. The crying shortage is of trained man-power to man them. In a crisis, untrained man-power, however willing, is an incubus.

It is difficult for the civilian to realise the very large ground army that is postulated by an efficient air force. In the middle ages, one "lance" meant twenty men-at-arms. A civilian's guess is that one fighting plane in the air means far more than twenty service men on the ground. If we take an air force requisite to the country's need to-day, picture each air base as a stone dropped in a pond, and count the spreading circles. Circles that spread wider and wider with each impact of modern aircraft invention and requirement. Even leave out of the reckoning the close-in technicalities of the shops, and the indispensable personnel that controls the plane from the ground, and what do we find? Ring upon ring of A.R.P.—in one form or another—out to the uttermost listening post, and out to the farthest receiver—"raising and training the ground troops, without which the defence as a whole is ineffective."

Man-power, then, in adequate strength, is A.R.P.'s demand to-day. And under centralised control by the lesson of yesterday. Over and over again General Ashmore emphasises it:—

"It is bad policy to divide air defence responsibility."

"Wherever the ultimate controlling authority may be situated, it is, I consider, an absolute necessity that the whole of the defences of any particular locality, as, for example, the London Air Defence Area, should be under one command."

"Inadequate ground troops, due to divided responsibility."

"There were various training, experimental, and depot establishments . . . these were supposed to help in the defence. The difference between co-operation and command showed clearly in their case. In spite of arrangements for combined action, I could never get them to work except as individuals; they were, in consequence, of little real use."

To-day A.R.P. is waiting hopefully for Government to remedy

(*Continued on page* 238)

PARIS AND A.R.P.: A caretaker of an office block in the Rue Royale signing a receipt for sand supplied by the Municipal Council for use in putting out incendiary bombs in the event of war. No gas masks have as yet been distributed to citizens

BRITAIN'S COMMITMENTS IN WAR-TORN CHINA

(1) The Position in Shanghai: Still Under Guard

EASTERN AND WESTERN GUARDIANS OF SHANGHAI BUND: Two Seaforth Highlanders and a Japanese on duty in the city during the disturbances of four months ago on the occasion of the first anniversary of the outbreak of the Sino-Japanese war. Last week marked the anniversary of the capture of Shanghai itself. During these twelve months of Japanese domination the commercial life of this city, which once controlled nearly 60 per cent. of China's trade, has been at a low ebb, although of late there have been distinct signs of better times ahead. At least £180,000,000 of British money is at stake there

SUSPICION LINGERS ON in Shanghai, and it is no uncommon sight to see a Japanese policeman, or, as in this case, policewoman, searching Chinese for arms. Of recent months Japanese authority has been menaced on several occasions

A MIXED BAG: A Chinese policeman, a Sikh, and a Seaforth Highlander on duty in the International Settlement, Shanghai, where Britain continues to maintain a larger force than normal in order to protect the interests and the property of nationals. *On right*—A member of Shanghai's Women's Police Force searching for arms in a suitcase

SYMBOL OF CHINA'S SUFFERING: A girl member of the Canton University Students' Emergency Corps standing on a ruined building on which she has planted the Red Cross flag. The fall of Canton last week, on the anniversary of Shanghai's capture, was at one and the same time a bitter blow to Chinese hopes and a further menace to Britain's large commercial interests in this war-torn land

THE SITUATION IN CAPTURED CANTON

Where Considerable British Capital is Now Tied Up

HAVOC OF THE AIR RAIDS: A scene outside the Roman Catholic Cathedral, Canton, after Japanese bombs had dropped there during one of the countless air attacks to which the city was subjected before it fell to the invaders. A great part of Canton was reported to be in ruins last week, with fires burning in many places

ISOLATED FROM THE REST OF CANTON is the island of Shameen, where Britain has her concession. Thus, during the past fortnight, British subjects have been secure from Canton street hostilities and in a position to stem the tide of refugees. Stretching away beyond the canal are the great commercial buildings of Canton proper, many of which, according to press reports, have been razed to the ground by Japanese bombing or set on fire by the retreating Chinese. During the air raids of the past few months Shameen, with its cool, tree-shaded gardens, has escaped unscathed, thanks again to its isolated position which enabled the Japanese pilots to spot it without difficulty and give it a wide berth

Canton, city of a milli... people, city of a hu... dred temples, the birthpla... of Chinese republicanism... and the home of the la... Sun Yat Sen, has fallen t... the Japanese. Last wee... invading tanks rumbled in... its narrow streets, and th... Rising Sun flag of Nippo... flew above those publ... buildings that the retreati... Chinese had not destroye... by fire. To China, Canton's loss is a bitter blow, whi... it also means much t... British business men wh... have large sums investe... there and also in the rai... way linking the city wit... Kowloon in Hong Kon... colony. Our interests i... Canton, however, are in a... way comparable to thos... in Shanghai. Two thousan... years ago Canton was know... as a great mart, and in th... intervening centuries it ha... never lost this reputation

CANTON'S STATELY BUILDINGS: *Above*—The headquarters of the civic administration, and (*on left*) the handsome Governor's residence. Many magnificent places of this type have of recent weeks been bombed right out of existence by the Japanese

A VENERATED FIGURE: Madame Sun Yat Sen, wife of the beloved founder of the Cantonese Republic and sister of Madame Chiang Kai-shek, standing before the memorial erected to her husband's memory in a Canton square, and (*on left*) touring the wards in the Sun Yat Sen Medical College. Both these pictures were taken a few weeks ago when Madame Sun braved the air raids and returned to the city which she had not visited for twelve years, her object being to help sustain the morale of the men preparing the defences. Canton's fall has a deep significance for the Chinese, for it has long been regarded as the home of the democratic ideal

RIVERSIDE LIFE IN SOUTH CHINA'S POPULOUS CAPITAL: A panoramic view of the city lying astride the waters of the Pearl River, where quite a proportion of the population has been accustomed to live in boats, some of which are seen moored in the foreground. To what extent the city retains its former appearance it is difficult at this juncture to tell in the absence of photographic evidence of the recent damage by fire, but, to judge by press reports, much of it is unrecognisable. The British were the last invaders to plant their flag in Canton. That was over eighty years ago, in 1857. With the French we remained in military occupation until 1861, when our armed forces withdrew and we established a settlement on the mud flats of Shameen. Canton and Shanghai were among the five original treaty ports of China

BRITAIN'S COMMITMENTS IN WAR-TORN CHINA—III

HONG KONG

WHERE BRITISH INTERESTS ARE VITALLY AFFECTED: The Kowloon terminus of the Canton-Kowloon railway by way of which the merchants of Canton have in the past been wont to send enormous quantities of goods for shipment through the port of Hong Kong. For months past the line has been bombed by the Japanese, thus slowing down services, and a fortnight ago it was actually cut. Apart from the economic aspect, the position has been serious for the people of Hong Kong, as Canton supplies them with a large proportion of their vegetables and meat

HONG KONG, the British stronghold in South China, is one of the most interesting and important of the Crown Colonies. It is our base of commercial operations with a part of the world more than twice the size of Germany and with a population of some 60,000,000. It is more than a trading outpost, more than a Crown Colony, and in many respects resembles one of the city states of antiquity.

British trade with South China goes back to the middle of the eighteenth century, when the East India Company established "factories" or depots at Canton. Britain's representatives in this river city were rough and boisterous, they lived well in the ghetto to which the Chinese authorities confined them, they made big fortunes out of the China trade, and they were often at loggerheads with the local mandarins.

By R. T. BARRETT

In the early years of the nineteenth century, when ships were increasing in size, British merchantmen trading with Canton frequently sheltered in a fine stretch of water, between a mountainous island and an equally rugged coast, in the mouth of the Canton river.

Our traders wanted something better and safer than their cooped quarters in the factories, and when the war of 1840 was ended by the Treaty of Nanking, one of the clauses was the cession of the insignificant isle of Hong Kong, no mention of which appeared in any archives of the Imperial Government.

Some eleven miles long and of an area of about 33 sq. miles, it was mountainous and barren, a few peasants and fishermen, whose side-line was piracy, scraping a precarious living in some of the sheltered valleys. The harbour had, however, two great advantages, it was deep and well protected, and from it there was sheltered water all the way to Canton, seventy miles up the broad and shallow estuary. A town named Victoria was laid out on the southern shores of the island, roads being made along the flat ground and foothills under the shadow of the range that rose precipitately and only a few hundred yards from the sea. The place was lonely and fever-haunted, but it was English soil from which the pleasing prospect was dangled of trade with China.

The colony went through the usual vicissitudes of such settlements. There were plagues, scandals and disputes, and several times its affairs were aired in Parliament and its abandonment was urged. But Victoria grew rapidly, for Chinese even more than English people scented it as a place where money could be made. In a year it had 12,000 inhabitants, by 1849, seven years from the start, this had grown to 30,000. From 1853, when it was about 40,000, the increase was rapid and the million mark was officially reached before the great influx of refugees owing to the present troubles. The early scandals were serious, but inevitable in a small place isolated from control and where big money was easily earned. After several weak governors an Augean stable of muddle and roguery was cleaned by the appropriately named Sir Hercules Robinson. Since then the place has never looked back and has provided a model of government.

AFTERMATH OF A JAPANESE RAID: An engine wrecked at the Canton terminus of the Canton-Kowloon railway in which at least £1,000,000 of British money is at present invested

It was in 1866 that Great Britain obtained a foothold on the mainland, a small peninsula, on the other side of the harbour, ringed with a wall of forbidding hills, known as Kowloon, or the place of seven dragons, being added to the colony. A dockyard was built there and a few private residences, and later the main wharves were constructed on the west side, well sheltered from typhoons. In 1897 a much bigger piece of territory, a peninsula of about 300 sq. miles, and a number of deserted and rocky islands enclosing the harbour were added on 100 years' lease.

These new territories as they are called meant a great advance in the amenities of the colony. The mainland peninsula is skirted by a 50-mile motor road, passing scenery of unexampled beauty of wooded hills, seascape and farmland. Under British protection, and with many encouragements from a paternal government, the peasants enjoy a quiet prosperity, and the walled towns and villages, the little hamlets and isolated cottar huts alternate picturesquely with modern country houses, a fine golf course at Fanling, and a number of bathing beaches with neat huts.

Hong Kong's commercial life pivots round the central district of Victoria, where the heavy office

(Continued on page 238)

HANKOW: Once the Queen of the Tea Trade

A BRITISH GUNBOAT MOORED OFF HANKOW, the great treaty port between 600 and 700 miles from the mouth of the Yangtse, which China last week abandoned to the invaders and the flames. Britain now has no concession there, having returned it to Chinese jurisdiction in 1927; but since that date she has continued to have a powerful say regarding administrative questions

HANKOW, which fell to the Japanese last week, is one of the three Wuhan cities forming a triangle in the very heart of China's richest agricultural land, and was once known as "the Queen of the Tea Trade." Its central position is Hankow's evil fate, for she has always lain in the path of wars, but it has brought her periods of prosperity, too. At her wharves the wealth of western China has been unloaded from junks into larger vessels to be carried to the marts of Shanghai and the world abroad.

THE RAILWAY YARDS IN FLAMES after one of the series of large scale Japanese aerial attacks on Hankow preceding its capture

A momentous event occurred in Hankow in 1927 when Great Britain returned to Chinese jurisdiction, by the Chen-O'Malley Agreement, the British Concession. Since then the former British Concession has been administered by a mixed committee of Chinese and British residents. So successful has the experiment proved that S.A.D.3 (Special Administrative District No. 3), as the former Concession is now called, has been able to maintain its prestige as one of the most prosperous districts in the city.

Of recent weeks every possible precaution has been taken on the British side to keep the property strictly neutral. S.A.D.3 has, with Chinese co-operation, been segregated as a safety zone, and enclosed within barriers of barbed wire and concrete, with strong iron gates.

HOW THE FRENCH CONCESSION PREPARED: Barbed-wire entanglements erected to divide the district from the rest of Hankow so that it should be immune from looting as the Chinese retreated from the city and the Japanese advanced. Many French business men have remained on in Hankow since the Japanese occupation

Lent by John T. Ross, Esq.

"MERRYMAKING": This traditional Christmas scene, which is included in the Tate Gallery's exhibition, "A Century of Canadian Art," was painted by Cornelius Krieghoff (1812-1872), who at varying times lived in Toronto and Montreal, where he exercised a considerable influence

CANADIAN ART ON SHOW AT THE TATE

A Century of Endeavour

The Canadian Art Exhibition, which was recently opened at the Tate Gallery, provides clear evidence of the way in which Dominion painters are now forging ahead.

The art of Canada (writes Sir Evan Charteris) seems now to be entering on another phase. Travel, the study of painting in Europe, and the rapid growth of galleries and private collections at home are contributing to the creation of a new taste and the formation of a native tradition. The current of Canadian painting, Sir Evan maintains, is getting away from exact representation.

Lent by H. S. Southam, Esq.

"GREY DAY IN TOWN," BY LAWREN. S. HARRIS: This work is typical of modern-day Canadian art, the creators of which have for the most part eschewed the more grandiose subjects. Harris was born at Brantford, Ontario, and stands in the front rank of Dominion painters

"BLACKFOOT CHIEF AND SUBORDINATES": One of the many striking records of Red Indian life by Paul Kane (1810-1871), a Canadian of Irish extraction, whose adventures in the Dominion's hinterland have seldom been equalled. In the middle of the last century he crossed the Continent by canoe, on horseback, and on foot, diligently recording all that he saw

CHRISTIANITY IN ART

Preston Gallery's Exhibition

The exhibition of "Christianity in Art" at the Harris Museum and Art Gallery, Preston, is a venture that well deserves to succeed, its main object being to show what artists have been doing during the last half-century to give visual expression to the beliefs and story of the Testaments. In a foreword to the catalogue the writer says: "To those visitors who may gaze with rapt attention at the work of the Pre-Raphaelites and the once popular Chantrey purchases, 'The Annunciation,' by Arthur Hacker, and 'Alleluia,' by T. C. Gotch, a plea may be addressed. It is this. Do not immediately dismiss the modern artist with contempt. Some, at least, of the living artists have an abiding sincerity and a burning desire to deliver their message."

TWO APPROACHES TO A SACRED THEME: Maurice Greiffenhagen's picture, "The Offerings," which is reproduced *on the left*, and Abel Pann's study (*on right*), entitled "And a Child Was Born in Bethlehem," are two works that contrast strikingly in the exhibition of Christianity in Art, now being held at the Harris Museum and Art Gallery, Preston. Pann's work is marked by sincerity, but it has often been criticised in this country

LONDON PORT'S BUMPER YEAR:

Its Steady Growth Towards Report of the P.L.A. — 1937

Drawn by Percy Home

WHERE THE PILOT BOATS AND TUGS ASSEMBLE: Looking across to the Essex shore from the pilot station at Gravesend where inward-bound vessels are examined by the Revenue and port medical officers before proceeding upstream to one or other of the London docks. The pilots who take charge of the big liners are highly paid, but no one questions that they fully earn their fees, for the Thames, with its fast running tide and sharp bends, requires a special knowledge and skill to manœuvre a 20,000-ton liner safely to her berth

THE Annual Report of the Port of London Authority for the year ending with March has recently been published and is particularly interesting as showing the vast growth of the shipping of the River Thames, accelerated during this period by the slight boom of 1937. It gives food for thought as showing how facilities and magnificent organisation will attract trade in spite of a port's reputation for high costs, and also as an indication of the steady drift of industry towards the south and the difficulty of evolving a vast smooth-running organisation out of reach of aircraft in war time as the Government proposes to do. The Port of London Authority has been steadily contriving improvements ever since 1909, but each year sees it finding something more to be done.

It is a very difficult matter to compare the trade of various ports from all points of view and to give a fair picture. The net registered tonnage of the ships entering and leaving the port is the easiest, for every authority keeps a very careful account of that as its tolls are based on it. On this reckoning, however, London, being primarily a liner port whose ships sail whether they are full or empty, has a great advantage over a tramp port like Cardiff, where there is very little movement of shipping without a full cargo or the prospect of getting one. The tonnage of goods passing over the quays in and out is naturally a more reliable indication of the real business done, and of the labour employed, but it is not a perfect indication of the trade on account of the varied values of different commodities. Although London handles most things, the average value per ton is on the high side.

The actual value of the goods passing in and out would be the best indication of the trade, but not of employment. In addition, it would be very difficult to ascertain, except in very approximate figures, as so many imports go into bond and, with fluctuating prices, the values may be very different when they are appraised for the payment of duty to when they were landed. It is, therefore, quite excusable for the Port of London Authority to omit definite figures of value, but they are very fair in publishing both the first and second figures so that a very reasonable picture of the trade of the port can be obtained.

The report covers all the shipping of London, both that using the Port of London Authority's own docks from St. Katherine's to Tilbury, and that which favours the wharves on the open river bank, practically all of which are privately owned. In the year under review 57·3 per cent. of the total tonnage used the docks, including most of the sizeable ships, although the employment offered to the dock labourers was rather more in the wharves than in the docks. This is partly owing to the different nature of the cargo handled by many of them and partly because a large proportion of the wharves are not nearly as well equipped as the P.L.A. docks.

The great disadvantage is that the figures had to be taken for different periods. The net tonnage of the ships arriving and leaving is for the calendar year 1937—62,645,758 tons, which is a record, most nearly approached by 1936 when the figure was 62,150,310. The figures for the goods handled were for the year ending with March and totalled 44,643,664 tons, which was an increase of 4·1 per cent. on 1936–37. The imports had increased by 4 per cent. and the exports by 4·5 per cent., these figures including the important entrepot trade which London recently looked like losing to the Continental ports, but which it is steadily regaining. There was also a slight increase in the tonnage of the ships using the dry docks which are provided by the Port of London Authority for the ship-repairing firms on the river.

A GIANT COMES UP THE LONDON RIVER: A big French liner being handled by tugs when on her way to the docks. Even at slack tide the problem of manœuvring a craft like this is far from easy, and the pilot always has to take into consideration the effect the wind will have on the hull

On this gigantic business the surplus from the revenue account was nearly £1,700,000, but over £1,300,000 of this was demanded for the interest on the various stocks ranging from 3 per cent. to 5 per cent. Under its constitution the Port of London Authority must not pay dividends, any surplus revenue having to go to the payment of interest, the redemption of stock or improvements in the port. At the present time about £35,000,000 worth of stock is held by the public and the Authority can still raise about £4,000,000 without having to apply to Parliament for additional powers.

The Authority is still spending huge sums in the improvement of the port and it proposes to spend still more. Except the King George V Dock at North Woolwich, all the dock systems were inherited from the old independent companies, whose cut-throat competition was largely responsible for bringing the Port of London Authority into existence, and the Authority has been improving them ever since. Over £40,000,000 has been spent on improving the port since it has been in control.

During the year under review large sums were spent for the benefit of special trades, made possible by the regularity of London's shipping when compared with that of many other ports. For instance, an old fashioned shed built in the Royal Albert Dock for general cargo was taken away and replaced by a special shed with elevators and belt conveyors for the handling of bananas. This up-to-date equipment not only means rapid handling, with the consequent saving to the shipowner, but makes an immense difference to their condition and market value. Similarly, in the Surrey Commercial Dock a special warehouse has been built for

DOCKING A 14,000 TONNER: A tug helping the *Highland Princess* to her berth in the Royal Albert Dock. Vessels of this size regularly come up to the London docks, 20 or 30 miles from the estuary

Supremacy Demonstrated in the Latest Brings a Record in Tonnage Handled

By FRANK C. BOWEN

storing plywood in the very best circumstances, which again means a difference in market price. Three-ton electric cranes have been installed by the dozen.

Another part of the report gives impressive figures for the work of the various services which assist in maintaining safety and smooth running. The dredging department moved 1,310,366 cub. yds. of mud from the docks and 1,912,598 from the open river, while the wrecking department lifted three steamers, one tug, one motor coaster, forty barges and five small craft which had been sunk from various causes. The figures are impressive enough, but no mention is made of the meticulous care which was exercised by the dredger men to move this prodigious amount of spoil without leaving bumps on which ships might hit, or a foul berth which would damage a ship which had to take the ground. Nor does it mention the anxiety of the wrecking department when a barge, sufficient with her cargo to rip the bottom out of a £1,000,000 liner, comes to rest at the bottom of the river a long way from the place where the accident occurred. Those are the things which are not mentioned in an annual report devoted principally to figures, but the seaman knows how much they contribute to the smooth running of the Port of London.

Drawn by Percy Home

WHERE THE ESTUARY BEGINS: Gravesend Town Pier and, on the other side of the river, a glimpse of Tilbury Docks. Liners of considerable tonnage can take on passengers at the Ocean Quay at any state of tide

The Docks and the Goods they Handle

London and St. Katherine Docks: Wool, ivory, spices, shells, tea, rubber, wine, marble, hides, perfumes.

Surrey Commercial Docks: Softwood, grain, Canadian dairy produce.

West India and Millwall Docks: Rum, sugar, grain, hardwood, fruit, and plywood.

Royal Victoria and Albert and George V Docks: Frozen and chilled meat, grain, tobacco.

THE WRECKING DEPARTMENT GETS BUSY: Port of London Authority lighters engaged in salving a Dutch vessel. At all costs they have to keep the channel clear. During 1937 they lifted three steamers and forty barges

From the drawing by J. Spurling

The handsome white-hulled P. and O. liner *Strathaird* steaming up the Thames estuary. She is one of the largest liners regularly visiting the Port of London

"QUEEN OF ALL THE STRANGE SHIPPING THERE"

The higher the hair, the smaller the hat. That is the golden rule this season. You can see for yourself with what entrancing results, for this minute hat is perched right forward on the brow and is anchored to the head with a wide band. The hat is velvet and the mount is marabout

FEATHERS IN YOUR CAP

AND FLOWERS IN YOUR HAIR

Whenever a new style is born it is capable of many interpretations, so there is no need to despair if your first attempt at a brushed-up coiffure is not an unqualified success. Let a brilliant artist-stylist create a hair-do specially for you

Three fascinating brushed-up coiffures by Emile, each utterly different but completely in harmony with the clothes of to-day. The first is smooth and soignée, like a helmet. The second soft and dignified. And the third is swept up over a band and bow

IT is impossible to think of new hats without thinking of new hairdressings. The two are as inseparable as bacon and eggs. And this year you cannot think of new hairdressings without considering some way or another of brushing up the hair. Even if you do not want to wear it that way all the time, you should take your courage in your hands and let a good hair stylist utterly transform you for really grand evening occasions. It is the most exciting hair line we have had for years, and if it does add slightly to a woman's age her evening make-up can soon balance that.

Sketched on this page are three up-hairdressings by Emile, of Conduit Street, W. The one at the top is Le Casque—a revival from the early nineteen hundreds. The hair is piled high in curls across the front, and then is swept upwards at the back with one side folded over the other, the join hidden, and the hair kept firmly in position by a long comb.

The girl with the knot of flowers shows a style that is particularly suitable for the woman who does not want to grow her hair really long. Softly waved and loosely curled, it is brushed up at the back but it does not sweep over the crown of the head. It is youthful and gracious, and not nearly so difficult as the more severe, straight backline.

The third girl has very soft, silky hair, the sort that does not easily stay put, so it has been waved up over a tortoiseshell band, set at intervals with teeth that hold the hair in place, and tied in front with a brown velvet bow. Emile has all these head-dresses, as well as some very special combs. They are made of shell, and they have hand-carved teeth with the centre part cut out so that they have a comfortable but most tenacious grip.

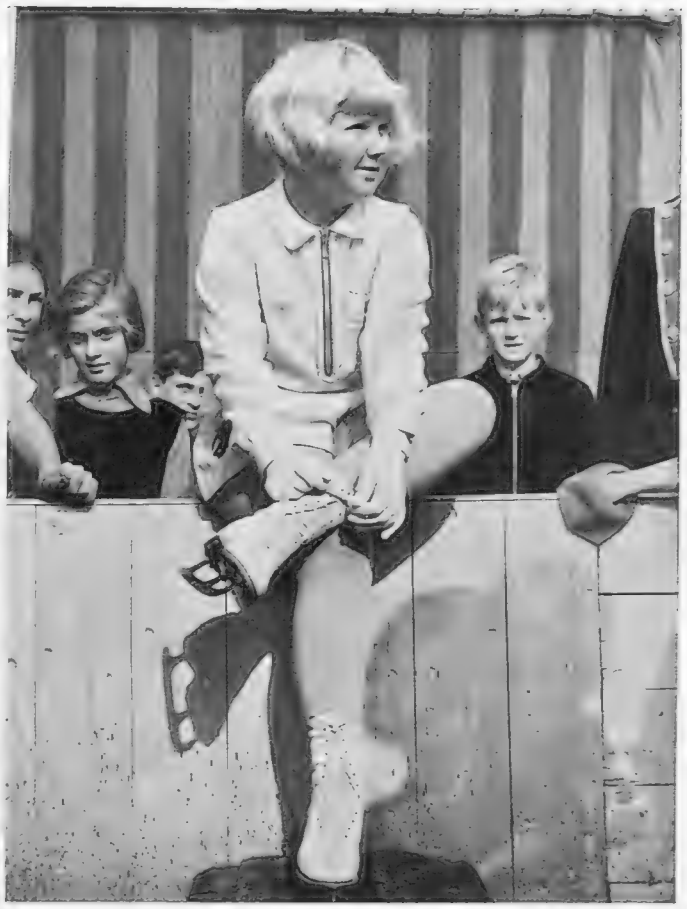
One of the most noticeable results of the piled-up hair vogue is the improvement in the texture and colour of women's hair. This is the result of brushing, which makes it gleam and shine, and gives it more life. Hair health is of vital importance, for when it begins to fail the hair loses its vitality and grows dull and unmanageable. Grey hair is the result of exhaustion of the hair roots, and not of age, although it is impossible to deny that it almost invariably does add years to any man or woman. Until recently dyeing or tinting have been the only remedies, and there have been many people who would not resort to either.

It has long been recognised that real, natural colour can only be restored to the hair by biological action upon the hair roots, which must somehow be induced to recommence producing and supplying fresh pigment to the hair shafts, and after many years of research a lotion has been perfected which achieves this purpose. It is called "Entrupal"; it is recommended by many physicians, and it is most definitely not a dye. You can get it at most good chemists and it has the advantage of being fascinatingly easy to use, for you simply dab it on at home.

An Edwardian hat, shallow as a plate. Made of black velvet, it is trimmed with pink and green shaded ostrich feathers with a coarse net hanging in demure folds at the back. A grand device for keeping brushed-up hair in order. Both hats come from Swan and Edgar

A TREAT FOR THE CHILDREN: Mrs. Neville Chamberlain greeting one of the youngsters during a visit to the Princess Louise Kensington Hospital for Children, where she made an extensive tour of the wards

From the FEMININE ANGLE



BUDDING SONJA HENIE: This is eight-year-old Bertha Homberg, of Sweden, who has come to London to continue her skating lessons and also to give exhibitions. Last year Bertha won Sweden's Silver Medal for Skating, and she is being hailed as a future world champion

TALLEST M.P. ENGAGED: 6 ft. 7 in. Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd, Member of Parliament for Mid-Bedfordshire, with his fiancée, Lady Patricia Guinness, a daughter of the Earl and Countess of Iveagh

AMERICAN WOMEN SUCCOUR ARABS: Sisters of the American Colony Aid Association Hospital in Jerusalem feeding an Arab baby. During the recent fighting the hospital was cut off from the rest of Jerusalem, but the rebels acted with consideration and permitted milk and other supplies to be sent in

NORMA SHEARER RETURNS TO THE SCREEN in the title role of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's *Marie Antoinette*, and here we see her wearing one of her magnificent dresses in an episode with the Duke of Orleans (Joseph Schildkraut). The film was given its European premiere last week at the Empire, Leicester Square, being marked by glittering pictorial vistas and astonishing splendour of setting and costume

A ROMANTIC FIGURE: In the *Marie Antoinette* film Tyrone Power plays the part of Count Hans Axel Fersen, colonel of the Royal Swedish Regiment in France and devoted friend of the Queen. It was Fersen who organised details of the flight by night of the Royal family from the Tuileries to Varennes. He also fought in the American War of Independence

IN addition to its positive and more important qualities, the play *Oscar Wilde*, by Leslie and Sewell Stokes, has the negative merit of being wholly unconcerned with consumption of fruit.

Among my foibles as a playgoer is my hatred of performing children, performing animals, and performing fruit—in that order of obnoxiousness. Stage fruit-eating was at one time almost entirely confined to apples. These were eaten by actresses who had to portray rustic or tomboyish characters, or who appeared as boys; this, together with striding about with stiff legs very wide apart (which no boy ever does), being considered most realistically boyish. A great apple-eater in her day was Miss Elisabeth Bergner, who must have consumed bushels and bushels of them; indeed, I began to suspect that the plays in which Miss Bergner appeared were secretly financed by Covent Garden Market and formed part of the "Eat more fruit" propaganda. The apple has now given way to the banana. *Banana Ridge* is a huge success. In *Goodness, How Sad!* one of the two Miss Furses eats one, if not two, bananas and takes an unconscionable time over it. Miss Jill Esmond did some banana-eating in *Tree of Eden*, the play about the Galapagos Islands (where no bananas grow); but as it ran only about a week Miss Esmond was not able to do the trade an appreciable amount of good. In *Quiet Wedding* Miss Glynis Jones not only eats a banana in an important scene but has been photographed passionately clutching the half-peeled thing—that powerful scene appearing in many of the illustrated papers. By the time these lines are published I do not doubt that some more banana-ridden plays will have been produced. I am continually being asked what is wrong with the British stage. High prices? Poor plays? Bad actors? Uncomfortable theatres? None of these things. Just—too many bananas.

Oscar Wilde on the Stage.—In the vast amount of literature about poor Oscar Wilde there is no record of his eating bananas. I saw him once only, when I was a very small boy, and he was certainly not eating one then. In the play at the Arts Theatre Club (originally seen at the Gate Theatre with Mr. Robert Morley, now starring in the part in America, as Oscar), there is no sight or mention of bananas, though I saw a pineapple. Mr. Francis L. Sullivan smokes an immense number of scented cigarettes—the scent is wafted across the footlights—as, in fact, the real Oscar did. One of the best known of the epigrams inserted in the play is "A cigarette is a perfect type of a perfect pleasure. It is exquisite and it leaves one unsatisfied." Of course Oscar may have also

BEDROOM WEAR IN THE LATE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: Marie Antoinette (Norma Shearer) and Louis XVI (Robert Morley) arrayed in their night attire in another episode from this French historical film which, from the costume viewpoint, may be described as quite one of the most lavish Hollywood productions of recent years

"I COULD A TALE UNFOLD": The Ghost (Malcolm Keen) appears before Hamlet (Alec Guinness) in the Old Vic production of *Hamlet* in modern dress. At the moment there appears to be quite a vogue for Shakespeare in modern dress, and only recently the Westminster Theatre tried the same experiment with *Troilus and Cressida*

"MARIE ANTOINETTE"—A REGAL MOMENT: Robert Morley, playing the role that was originally intended for Charles Laughton, makes a convincing Louis XVI, revealing the King as a pathetically pompous figure, painfully aware of his defects of character. Norma Shearer, as his hapless Queen, gives a strongly emotional study of thwarted womanhood. She is at her best in the tragic scenes; her skittish moods being lacking in subtlety

On STAGE *and* SCREEN

Francis Sullivan Plays the Part of Oscar Wilde in Arts Theatre Production : N. C. Hunter Shows His Mettle as a Playwright : A Crippenesque Play at the Aldwych

Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

said that a banana is a perfect type of a perfect pleasure—which, to continue in his own words, is perfectly phrased and quite as true as any observation in polite society ever need be. But the odds are against it.

On this reckoning I must not call Mr. Sullivan's performance perfectly pleasurable since it left me completely satisfied. Men who knew Wilde have assured me that the physical resemblance, manner, and mannerisms, clothes, and so forth are almost startlingly correct, except that Wilde, who was, of course, an Irishman (O'Flaherty was one of his Christian names), had a *very* slight brogue and a redder face than Mr. Sullivan gives him. The flamboyance, the charm, the wit, the absurdity, the courage, and the pathos of that astonishing man—strange to realise that he would be eighty-two were he alive to-day—are all there as well as, thank goodness, many of the words he wrote and spoke. For although the Messrs. Stokes have written an interesting play and handled a difficult subject with consummate diplomacy, the dialogue is apt to come to earth with a dull thud when it is theirs and not Wilde's.

Of the supporting characters, Mr. Alan Wheatley, good actor though he is, was not nearly offensive enough as Frank Harris, of whom, at one time, I had to see a good deal. And if I am to be blamed for speaking ill of the dead, my reply is that that was one of Harris's specialities. Mr. Peter Osborn showed an attractive portrait of Lord Alfred Douglas as a youth, emphasis being laid in that early scene on the indisputable fact that he was (and is) a twenty-times better poet than Wilde could have ever hoped to be. I would have given a good deal to have had Lord Alfred (who was 68 a few days ago but does not look anything like it) as my companion at the theatre.

A TALE OF RASCALITY: Sacha Guitry (centre) at the gaming tables in an episode from the French film which, under the title of *Le Roman d'un Tricheur*, ran for four months in London last winter. Since then an English version has been prepared, English speech being synchronised with the lip movements of the French players, and it was recently presented with marked success at the Gaumont, Haymarket. It is the story of a rogue's career from boyhood, showing the principal incidents in a life of trickery and crime. Sacha Guitry's polished acting is a delight

"THANKS, GUILDENSTERN AND GENTLE ROSENCRANTZ": Guildenstern (James Hoyle), Gertrude (Veronica Turleigh), and Rosencrantz (Richard Wordsworth) in the Old Vic's modern dress version of *Hamlet*, which has aroused much controversy among visitors to South London's renowned theatre. Tyrone Guthrie is the producer

"A Party for Christmas."—In Mr. N. C. Hunter's comedy, *A Party for Christmas*, at the Haymarket, there are five people called Firbanks (and no bananas). From which it may be gathered that it is essentially a family affair. So large a proportion of plays nowadays are family affairs that they must surely have come as a reaction against the exciting, if inaccurate, picture of the theatrical profession as a cess-pit of foul immorality, with backstage scenes involving the drinking of champagne out of an actress's shoe, a nightly occurrence. Mr. Rodney Ackland has shown us an untidy Bohemian family; Miss Dodie Smith a middle-class Essex-country-house family; the authors of *Spring Meeting* an amusing Irish family. And the list might be extended considerably.

Those Firbanks—or Firbankses—have nothing remarkable about them, nor, indeed, has the play which concerns their adventures, if that is not too vigorous a word for such mild domestic doings. Yet they are interesting people to watch, and I have rarely known a play with so little action in it so dexterously dodge any approach to tedium. If the author can write so diverting a comedy about virtually nothing at all, we may expect a masterpiece from him when he decides to include action in addition to clever characterisation and talk that is always worth hearing.

Naturally, some of the young people fall in love. Peace and goodwill, despite the title, do not always reign. The older folk fuss, as older folk will, even at Christmas time; the party is not all holly and mistletoe and kisses round the Christmas tree. But most of it is fun, and happy fun. Miss Sydney Fairbrother has long known how to make a display of the dismals diverting, and her tearful aunt is the chief comic figure, beating Mr. Milton Rosmer's loquacious uncle from Australia by a short head only. To have to play the part of a bore and yet not to bore the audience in grim reality takes some doing, but Mr. Rosmer does it. The young people are simply—young. But most pleasantly unaffected.

"They Fly by Twilight."—The most remarkable feature of this vaguely Crippenesque play at the Aldwych is the performance of Miss Olive Sloane, which is very nearly, if not quite, "the" performance of the year.

Mr. Richard Bird is a crushed, quiet and unsuccessful grocer at Clapham, with literary aspirations and a passion for the country. Miss Sloane is his vulgar wife, a boisterous blonde who had been a minor music-hall star. She and her chattering, pub-crawling, gramophone-playing pals get on his nerves. When she finds that her husband has fallen in love with a country mouse of his own type she raises noisy hell. So he strangles her. The crime is not discovered, but sooner than face years of funk and apprehension, blanching with terror at every knock on the door, the grocer gives himself up. And that is all.

The play, which holds the attention throughout, is mercifully free from the prepared and cultivated atmosphere of the "thriller," with the result that when the murder came at the close of Act II it came as a dramatic surprise. One seemed to be in for a rather amusing evening of farcical comedy, with Miss Sloane providing the greater part of it. If only for that reason I regretted her murder. Besides, the woman did not deserve death; a hard spanking would have done her good had her husband had the guts or the gumption to administer it. She was shallow and selfish, but she was a lively, cheery soul, most reasonably bored by the moody little prig she had married.

The play's fault is that we are asked to sympathise with the wrong people. I found the wife and her music-hall friends, who were supposed to be so detestable, considerably more entertaining and more likeable than the grocer and his country mouse, whose long conversations in the twilight were not improved by being, at least so far as I was concerned, partly inaudible.

Mr. Bird is an excellent actor in parts which suit his personality, but here he did not convince me; his accent and his bearing were not those of the suburban grocer, who does not, I fancy, use "incredibly" for "very," even if he does get a copy of Bacon's *Essays* from the municipal library, though that was the fault of the author. The music-hall "shop" was both realistic and authentic, and on that point I have the expert opinion of Mr. George Robey, who was my neighbour in the stalls. About the superb achievement of Miss Sloane, whether as a comedienne or a tragic virago, there could be no two opinions.

WAS BENEDICT ARNOLD A TRAITOR?

A New Book That Opens the Door to Conjecture

THERE was a time when George Washington spoke of Benedict Arnold as his most valued general. He was a brilliant military strategist, a man who had never known what fear was, and a distinguished soldier. Yet when he died he had "in the hearts of his countrymen a place at the right hand of Judas Iscariot."

General Arnold the Traitor, as thousands in America came to know him, was for many years in a position of high responsibility in Washington's army during the War of Independence. His skill as a tactician was widely known and he seemed to have a golden future. At what seemed to be the height of his career he began to correspond with the commander of the British troops, an act of treason in itself, and finally agreed to betray the command at West Point for a large sum of money.

The plot was discovered and Arnold fled to join the British forces, and later to return with them to England, where he died twenty years later in poverty and bitterness. For 150 years his name has been an object of contempt in America and he has stood as a type of arch-traitor to growing generations. Now, in **RENOWN** (Harrap. 8s. 6d.) Mr. Frank Hough has attempted a reconstruction of his motives and a rehabilitation of the man's character. Mr. Hough has chosen the novel form because of the greater latitude which it allows, and also because of the extreme difficulty of verifying the details of Arnold's true story. Where the evidence exists, it is often shadowy, based on hearsay and strongly biased by an inherited contempt. Indeed, the writer doubts whether a satisfactory biography of Arnold could ever be written.

In the meantime Mr. Hough has presented this equivocal figure in the bright light of historical romance. He has not whitewashed his subject, but he has opened the door to conjecture, and showed the reader where reasonable doubts must always lie.

WOMEN WRITERS IN THE NEWS: *Left*—Margaret Mackay, whose novel, *Like Water Flowing*, is the story of a Eurasian girl in China. Harrap are the publishers. *Right*—Dorothy Richardson, whose eleven Pilgrimage novels have just been republished by Dent in a set of four volumes

Only a few years ago Charcot died, the great explorer of the Arctic and Antarctic seas, drowned during a terrible storm off the coast of Iceland. He was over seventy when he lost his life, but there was no frailty in him. The existence which he had dedicated to the most dangerous of sea adventures had meant an indomitable spirit, and he kept that to the last.

As he saw his ship being battered to pieces under his feet, and his men trying to swim through the mountainous waves, his only thought was for them. The one man to survive said, when telling the story of the shipwreck, that he had heard Charcot call out, "My poor children!" and that that cry can only have been some minutes before his own death. . . .

CHARCOT OF THE ANTARCTIC (John Murray. 12s. 6d.) is a biography, by his god-daughter, Mlle Marthe Oulié, of this amazing man, who was to write: "What is the strange attraction of these Polar regions, so strong and enduring that once having left, moral and physical fatigue are forgotten, and one's only idea is to go back? Where lies the charm of countries in reality so desolate and fearful? Is it pleasure in the unknown, a fierce joy in the struggle to attain and exist in them, or the pride of attempting and doing what others do not? It is something of all these things but more as well . . . The man who forces his way into these regions feels his soul uplifted."

Charcot was the distinguished son of a distinguished father. Dr. Charcot was the world famous scientist whose studies were directed to the brain and the nerve centres. Writers, artists and philosophers followed his lectures at the gloomy Hospice de la Salpetrière, and his home was the centre of a brilliant group of friends.

The young Charcot grew up in this intelligent and cultivated household and soon showed that he possessed great ability of his own, though his career was to take him into a very different world. In his sturdy little ship, *Pourquoi Pas*, he set sail with a picked crew for the Antarctic, and after eighteen months there returned to France to find himself a famous man on his own account.

After that his life was spent in research, in Antarctica, in Greenland, and in those Polar lands which he was one of the first to chart. His record stands to-day as one of the greatest of explorers.

Miss Aletta Lewis is a young English painter, who a few years ago arrived in the Samoan islands with little preparation beyond a desire "to paint brown people," and the return half of her ticket. She returned after some months with the material for a book of excellent travel sketches and a full portfolio of portraits of her Samoan friends.

THEY CALL THEM SAVAGES (Methuen. 8s. 6d.) is first and foremost a friendly book. Miss Lewis's approach to the natives of Samoa was, judging by her success, exactly the right one, and the only difficulty she seems to have had during her happy six months was the shyness of one or two of the girls at posing for her. The men showed no such uncertainty and posed with alacrity, and with varying degrees of dignity.

One chief, before he settled down to the pose proper, which he held with iron rigidity, went through a whole repertoire of posturings including, unknown to himself, a passable imitation of Charlie Chaplin.

The care that Miss Lewis took never to offend or disconcert her Samoan hosts had its reward. Before she sailed for home she had had twelve proposals, *en masse*, and had been adopted by one of the most important chiefs. She had danced a *siva-siva*, though in this case with more attention to modesty than to custom, and she had stayed in a succession of native houses, struggling manfully with the food, and observing the formal rituals of greeting and conversation.

Samoa is a country in which curiosity is a social asset, and to be correct one must inquire into the purpose of one's visitor's arrival, the exact state of his health, and the activities of his parents. Conduct that would risk a snub with us is regarded as the height of good manners in neighbourly Samoa.

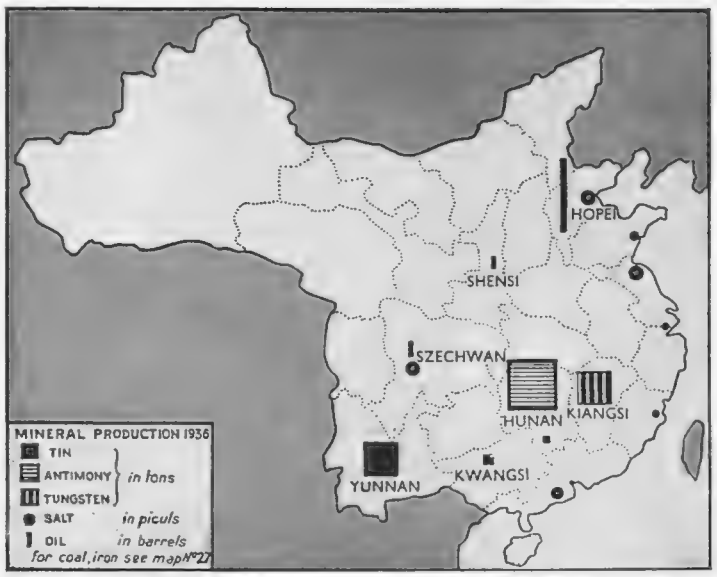
When Miss Lewis set off to the islands she took with her a small assortment of toys and presents to smooth her path in a strange and possibly antagonistic country. More important than that little cargo, and the pervading spirit of this charming and unaffected book, is the open mind and the understanding which she also took with her, that made her little Odyssey a story of real companionship.

At last a sequel! I had thought that they were gone with crossing-sweepers and motoring veils, and here is one in the old and satisfactory manner, picking up all the plot threads of its predecessor, and rescuing the hero from his last page predicament to plunge him into new dangers and feats of arms.

FLYING COLOURS (Michael Joseph. 7s. 6d.) pursues the adventures of Captain Hornblower and completes a trilogy of books

(*Continued on page* 242)

THE WORLD OF BOOKS: *By Vernon Fane*



GUIDE TO ORIENTAL AFFAIRS: This sketch map, illustrating mineral production in China in 1936, is one of the thirty maps by Marthe Rajchman in *An Atlas of Far Eastern Politics*, which she has just produced in conjunction with G. F. Hudson and which is published by Faber and Faber at 7s. 6d. This book shows in the clearest possible way China's territorial, geographical, political, economic, and military limitations and resources, thus helping the reader to gain a fuller grasp of the conflict that is at present raging there

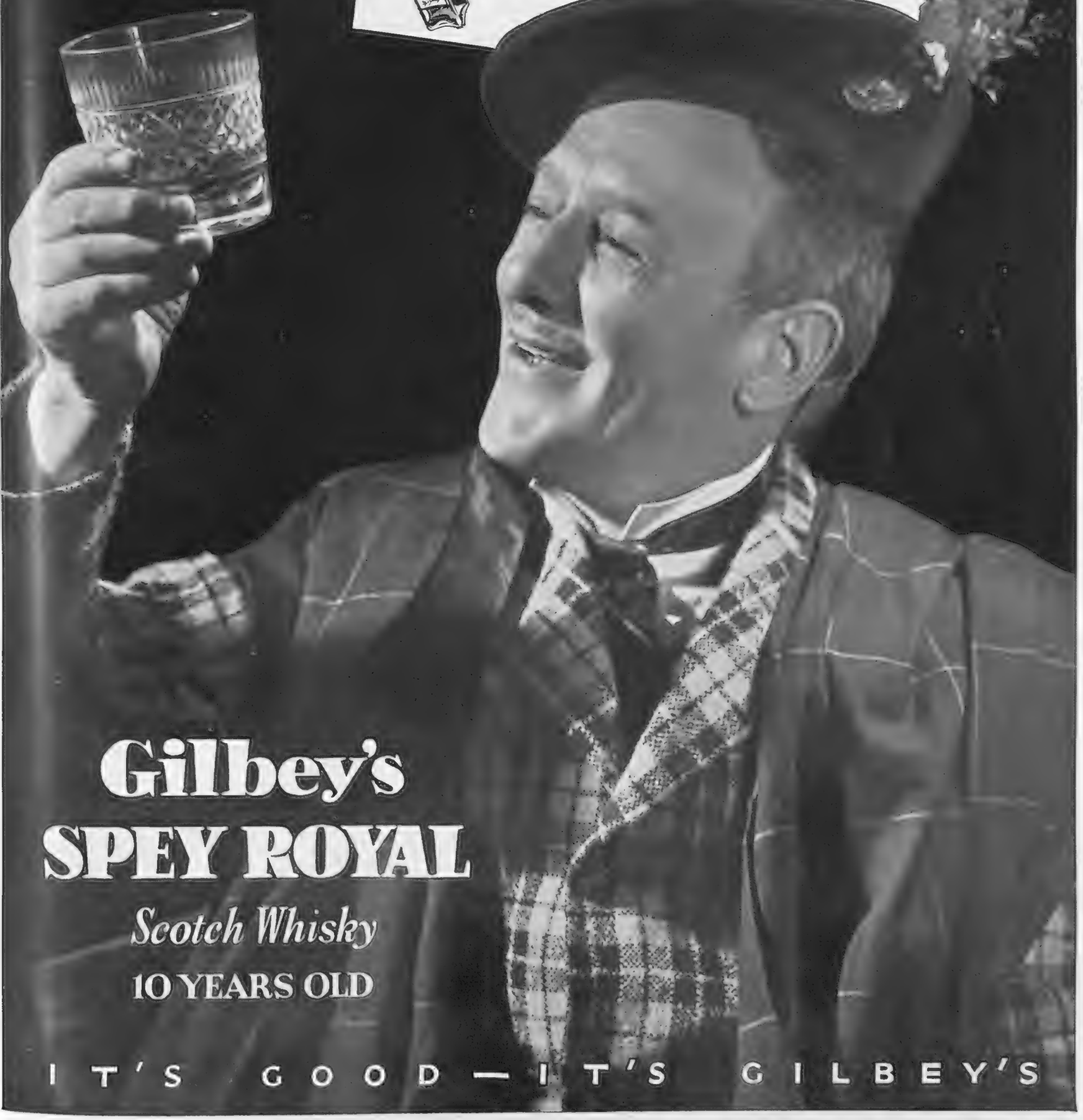
SITTING BACK AFTER A MAGNUM OPUS: Mr. Louis Golding has just completed his latest book in which, it is understood, he makes an exhaustive survey of Jewry, past and present, detailing the immense problems of persecution it has faced and continues to face. Mr. Golding is seen holding one of the cherub figures, of which he is a keen collector

TRAGIC CHARLES CONDER, the artist who helped to found the Australian school of landscape painting and who was the friend of Toulouse-Lautrec, is the subject of a new biography by John Rothenstein, Director of the Tate Gallery. This portrait of Conder is by Jacques Emile-Blanche, and it appears in the book, which is published by Messrs. Dent at 18s.

A real Scot enjoying a real Scotch

STORIES OF THE CLANS No. 9

A MacKintosh appreciates the real thing. They are the leading sept of the famous Clan Chattan, and therefore wear the box badge in their bonnets. Lachlan MacKintosh, who had been "out" in the Fifteen died childless in 1731 and with him the Curse of Moy began to be fulfilled. Thereafter for a hundred years no son succeeded his father as Chief of the Clan. It was Angus, Chief from 1827 to 1883 who broke the Curse and was followed by his son Alexander. It was "Colonel Anne" the wife of Angus XIII, who brought out the Clan for the Prince in 1745, while her husband half-heartedly supported the House of Hanover.



Gilbey's
SPEY ROYAL
Scotch Whisky
10 YEARS OLD

IT'S GOOD — IT'S GILBEY'S

THE VIEW FROM STIRLING CASTLE: An M.G. 2-litre saloon by the statue of Robert Bruce with the Stirlingshire hills as a background

WINTER MOTORING:

Some Hints on Approaching Road Conditions which the Motorist Equipped with a Modern Car need not Fear

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E. (Clerk o the Course, Brooklands)

THERE is no mistaking the fact that winter has arrived, and as the previous season of a like nature was of short duration, it is now a long time since we motorists had to drive under trying conditions. Winter usually compels us to motor in fog, on frozen roads, and during long hours of darkness. In addition we may expect a goodly quantity of rain, sleet and snow. All this sounds very depressing and to the inexperienced motorist it may even appear alarming, but the modern motor-car, with its up-to-date equipment, is a much safer and pleasanter vehicle to handle during the winter than its predecessors.

The first condition we usually meet is fog. As I write these notes we have already had our first dose. To most people fog is the worst enemy. No one likes a long journey when visibility is such that the road ahead cannot be clearly seen. Driving in fog, however, though it can never be considered pleasant, can be made possible and comparatively safe if certain equipment is fitted and certain hints remembered. First of all, a really good fog lamp is essential. For many seasons now I have had my car fitted with one which enables me to move along through the densest fog at a speed which permits me to overtake most cars. In one way this is a disadvantage, because overtaking in fog is quite a hazardous adventure. All the same, I find that if I curb my desire to get in front of the man I see ahead my journey can be concluded without undue risk.

Even if the fog lamp gives a good light this will not help much unless the driver can see through the windscreen. The best thing to do is to open the screen, but on some cars this is not possible, or it may be so cold and unpleasant that the cold air drifting in makes the driver keep it closed. Many times I have sat in a car with the driver trying to get ahead but not being able to see on account of the mist, though in actual fact most of the mist was on his windscreen. This may condense either on the outside, the inside, or on both sides. Therefore, set the windscreen wipers working and take suitable measures to keep the inside of the car equally clear.

Having got a good light which shows up the sides of the road and some of the ground in front, I would advise the driver not to get too impatient when he finds that he has caught up the car in front. Firstly, it is exceedingly risky to pull out and endeavour to overtake, because cars coming in the opposite direction appear all of a sudden and a collision may occur. Secondly, it is well to remember that as one's car goes through the fog it pushes the mist aside, leaving a comparatively clear space in the wake of the car. Therefore, when a driver finds himself at the tail of a queue of cars he should remember that he is in a comparatively clear atmosphere and that the worst conditions are being found by the leading driver. This accounts for the fact that the queue of cars is moving slowly.

During the past six or more months the road authorities have been busy painting lines down the roads, placing stone-kerbing at the sides, and all this should make fog-driving easier this winter. Personally, I dislike the stone kerbs which are springing up on many of our main roads; firstly, because they definitely spoil the rural aspect of the road, and secondly, because they are a definite danger if a car should strike them; but there is no question about it, their presence makes driving easier when visibility is poor.

Frost is the next product of winter to consider. We first of all have to protect our engines against the serious damage which frost can inflict. In other words, measures must be taken to see that the circulating water in the engine does not freeze. It is unlikely that this will happen during the day-time, because cars are generally being used at that time, and so the danger can easily be combated by the simple expedient of letting out the water each time the car is placed in the garage. It is by far the most certain and satisfactory measure of guarding against the risk, provided, of course, that precautions are taken that all the water is drained off. Nowadays, however, the draining tap is nearly always placed in such a position that when it is opened no water is left behind to cause trouble.

Many people, however, find this simple measure irksome and they prefer to take some other precaution. Perhaps they have the luxury of a central-heated garage, which immediately gets rid of all their troubles. Those not so fortunate can, of course, use one of the many safety lamps or electrical heaters which are sold for the express purpose of keeping the temperature of the garage above freezing point. A third course is to mix some ingredient with the water in the circulating system which prevents it freezing at any temperature we are likely to have during a winter in this country. Most dealers sell liquids in sealed-up tins for this purpose.

The second frost condition with which we have to contend is ice on the road. Roads in this state are definitely dangerous and should be treated with the utmost respect. Unfortunately, ice does not always show itself and drivers frequently come to grief before they realise that there is any about. When, however, it is known that there is ice then speed should be reduced very considerably and the driver should proceed in such a way that no application of brakes is likely to be required. Again, the driver should take every possible precaution to obviate having to turn sharply to the right or to the left. When going down a hill the surface of which is slippery I always place my two near-side wheels right in the gutter, at any rate on roads which are not bordered with kerbs.

The extra hours of darkness should not make any great difficulty for the average motorist. The only advice I can give is to suggest that no journey is undertaken without spare bulbs for the head and the other lamps on the car being on board. With the headlamps being used more than during the summer there will be an extra drain on the accumulator. It is a good thing, therefore, to make certain that the dynamo is giving its proper charge, that the accumulator is up to its job and that the level of the acid in it is maintained. With these simple precautions taken I do not think that driving during the winter evenings will worry any careful motorist.

ASHMORE ON A.R.P. (Continued from page 224)

precisely this state of things. In A.R.P. to-day there is too much co-operation in the scheme (little or none in fact) and not enough command. Local action stagnates while local authorities await Government's definition of their powers. If in their zeal they give way to impatience and act, they are rapped over the knuckles for exceeding them. In their turn they have no option but to call to order fidgety subordinates chafing for action, keen to cultivate their own little corner, or exasperated in a semi-apologetic cocoon of red tape applied by an equivocal endeavour to conciliate the volunteer and inculcate a home-made brand of discipline at one and the same time.

A head warden has a misunderstanding with his underlings. He reports for a ruling to his harassed chief who is trying to snatch an hour for legitimate borough business. His chief turns hopefully to the invaluable little Handbook, number this or that—and finds the point in dispute left conveniently in the air. He "takes steps" on his own judgment, and his judgment varies in every case. "Appeal to Cæsar?" There is no Cæsar in A.R.P. Cæsar is a Totalitarian prerogative, but some sort of apology for him we must have.

Perhaps the delicate question, Who pays for what? is at the root of the trouble.

Appropriately enough, the problem of A.R.P. is the same as the literal problem in the air. Local authorities, big industries and the like, are out on their own to attack the bombing plane. And they "cannot do so effectively unless they are directed by a control system from the ground." A.R.P. has no control system. No H.Q. We have just some very charming well-wishers attached to the Home Office, who give us their blessing and hope for the best. But so will we—on the strength of that promised reorganisation.

Meantime, instead of being a flock of disciplined wild geese flying in formation, we are a disorganised mob of poultry, each asserting its free-born right to cackle.

At the end of the great war Major-General Ashmore held that the first essential of any system of defence during peace was "the power to be ready for action at short notice and without mobilisation or undue publicity." Now that events point to the need for the whole population becoming in some sense a "standing army," the widest publicity seems indicated.

For a wider meaning has been given to the War Office conference in 1919:—

"The arguments for the upkeep and development of home air defence were as strong as those on which the navy had hitherto rested . . . the possibility of expanding again to war strength must be retained . . . it was essential to keep alive the intricate and specialised art of air defence."

"From these high principles"—which to-day embrace a specialised auxiliary drawn from A.R.P.—"we gradually fell away," wrote Major-General Ashmore. Now we cannot implement them again without the aid of the self-disciplined and trained civilian.

I. Sheldon-Williams

HONG KONG (Continued from page 228)

blocks, the paved streets and the general air of solid prosperity are curiously reminiscent of the City of London, in the vicinity of the Bank of England. The sixteen-story headquarters of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation, Hong Kong's own bank, look out over pleasant gardens, adorned with Japanese cherry trees and bronze statues of the Royal Family, towards the harbour.

Shipbuilding and repairing is the chief industry in which Europeans take part, but in normal times the greater part of the British community is engaged in arranging the transhipment of the products, mainly agricultural, of South China to Hong Kong, where they are loaded into ocean-going vessels from all parts of the world.

Strongly fortified and well governed, this vitally important colony is the commercial gateway to the great hinterland of five provinces; it is the base from which Europe does business and the meeting place of two vastly different civilisations. Hong Kong is a free city where all are welcome to own land and to trade. It has put South China in touch with the world. If it should be isolated by Japan, then with Shanghai also under their domination, the Chinese people will be shut off from the West as completely as in the days of the Emperors who decreed that no foreigner should be allowed a foothold in their domains.

The War Disabled Men's Exhibition, which is being held at the Imperial Institute, South Kensington, and was opened this week by the American Ambassador, Mr. Joseph Kennedy, consists, as in past years, of goods made by ex-Service men, or their widows and dependents, employed by twenty-five separate organisations in different parts of the country. Most of these organisations have their own workshops and their own skilled instructors. In other cases the work is undertaken by war-afflicted men in their own homes. But for the workshops, thousands of disabled men would be permanently unemployed. Major-General Sir John Kennedy, chairman of the Exhibition, suggests that every visitor should buy at least one Christmas gift at the show and thus not only obey the customary injunction to "shop early," but also assist a most worthy cause. He adds:—"One way of showing thankfulness for peace would be by helping these men who won peace for our country twenty years ago."

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

At the Gillingham Municipal and County of Kent Industries Exhibition recently, an Exhibition held to be the largest in Kent, in a speech made by Admiral Sir Edward Evans, Commander-in-Chief, The Nore, he said, in paying a tribute to the *Arethusa* boys, "A better mannered lot of boys I never expect to see." This speaks well for the work being done in this Ship, where poor boys are given their chance for a sea life. Funds are urgently needed and gifts would be much welcomed. Please address your donation to room 6, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2, the headquarters of the Society, from which address they will be gratefully acknowledged.

THE FURNITURE MAKER'S ART IN MID-EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: This pair of carved mahogany, Chippendale stools, with stuffed overseats covered in old Gros Point and Petit Point needlework, is being shown by M. Harris and Sons, of 61, St. James's Street, S.W.1, on their stand at the Antique Dealers' Fair in the Great Hall at Grosvenor House. Messrs. Harris have got together a most elaborate display this year. Among the many fine period pieces they are showing are an old Waterford cut glass chandelier built for eight lights (circa 1775), and an early Georgian mantel-mirror set in a carved and gilt frame designed in the manner of William Kent

Borrowing from the old Spanish idea of furniture, the designer of this Dining Room Suite has used Walnut bleached almost to a cream shade to get his effect. The Dining Table is £25, the Sideboard £33, the Chairs are £6.15.0 each. *Illustrated Catalogue on request.*

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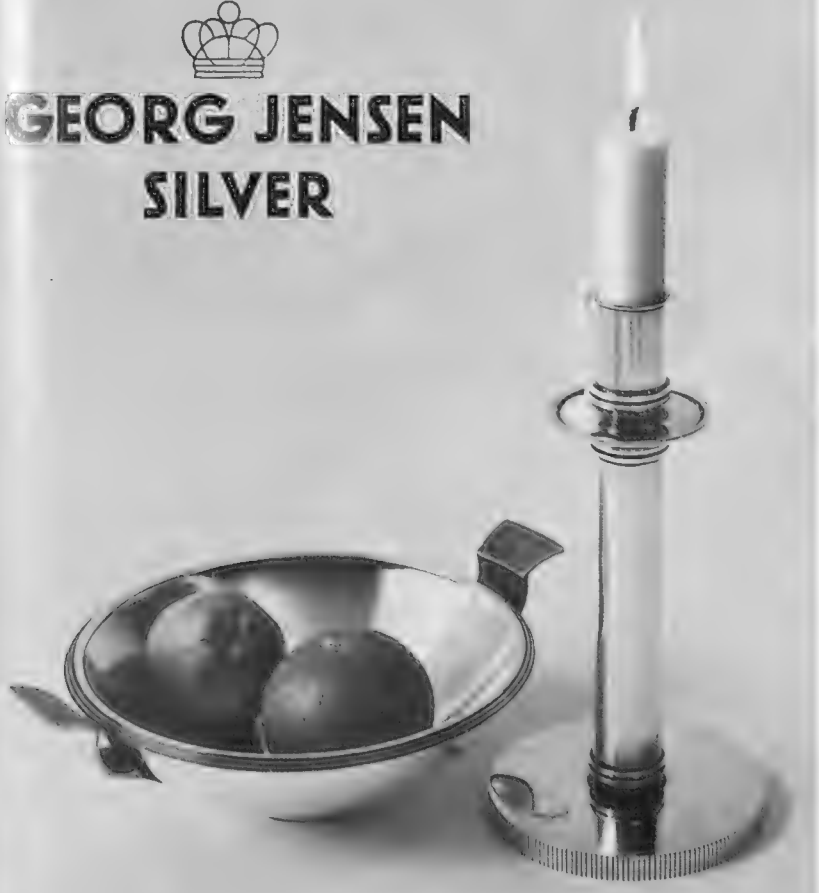

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FROM CAIRO TO ASSUAN

A Sunshine Land, and Its Priceless Legacy From a Glorious Past

FROM our earliest years when we began to hear simple Bible stories Egypt has been in the lives of most of us, and that naturally led at a later stage to a desire to see for ourselves the scenes of the immortal stories. It is given to relatively few to fulfil that longing; nevertheless, Egypt is perhaps the best-known land in the world. There is an everlasting fascination in its antiquities. Each succeeding generation produces men and women inspired by a longing to probe into the hidden past, and each year sees a little more fitted into the cavalcade of history. We marvelled at the discoveries at the tomb of Tutankhamen and there may be greater rewards in store for the tireless workers, perhaps even in the coming season. I know something of the hold it has on these people; I have felt it from the time I first met Flinders Petrie, or was it the mummified child in our local museum that inspired it?

Inevitably I seem to be drawn along the antiquarian path in writing about Egypt, but not everyone feels like that. While I cannot imagine any traveller going to Egypt without a desire to see something of its priceless legacy they may find other interests stronger. Take away all the temples and tombs and Egypt would still attract as the land where you can rely on glorious weather while here we may be speculating on whether the morrow will bring fog, frost or that depressing "fug" provoked by drizzle. The invigorating yet sun-charged atmosphere creates that light-heartedness which makes Cairo one of the brightest places on earth. It is fascinating to sit on the terraces of its famous hotels and see western fashions mingling with the long robes of Arabs, while luxurious motor cars, donkey carts, electric trams and camels present an odd assortment of traffic. Everywhere is the red *tarbush*, less often in these days referred to as the *fez*, incorrectly of course. Then there are the bazaars of the native quarter to be visited.

Yes, life in modern Cairo is very entertaining, but your eyes will often wander to the outstanding building, which is not quite so modern, the great mosque of Muhamad Ali, towering above the walls of the twelfth-century citadel. It is one of several hundred in the city. In Cairo you will also see the wonders from the tomb of Tutankhamen—they are in the Egyptian Museum. Behind the citadel lie the Mokattam Hills with ruined mosques, a fort, and the caves of early Christian hermits to be explored. It is worth making acquaintance with the desert by walking on the hills, and a rich reward is the panorama of the great city.

The Great Pyramids and Sphinx of Gizeh are about eight miles from Cairo and easily accessible. Words seem inadequate where they are concerned. I can only say, see them for yourself, though that seems superfluous—everybody does. Rather farther afield, at Sakkara, are other pyramids, Alabastar Sphinx and Tombs of the Sacred Bulls. The Step Pyramid is considered to be the oldest stone building in the world. On the same journey is Memphis, where are the two enormous statues of Rameses II, now lying in a grove of date palms. Then there is the Delta Barrage with its beautiful gardens, and for a whole day excursion the Fayum and Lake Karun, with its wild life.

Another aspect of life in Cairo is its sport. Tennis heads the list, there being something like 100 courts. For golf, sand courses are generally used, but in some cases—one at the very foot of the Pyramids—quite good grass flourishes. There are eighteen-hole courses at Heliopolis ("City of the Sun"), Maadi and Helwan. All these places are near Cairo, and Helwan has a great reputation as a spa, where warm sulphur baths can be taken in the open air in winter. It is only twenty minutes' run by the new diesel trains from Cairo. The racing season at Cairo is from November to March, and the course at the Gezireh sporting club is a very famous one. At Gezireh a lot of polo is played, also at Heliopolis.

Having plunged rather precipitately into Cairo it might be as well to digress for a moment to consider how we may have arrived there. Coming from the west it may have been through the great port and summer resort, Alexandria, or Port Said, or, from the east, Suez. Alexandria is 130 miles from Cairo and there is communication by rail, road, river, and air. The railway, built by Robert Stephenson some eighty years ago, was the first in Africa. Alexandria, by the way, has a racing season from April to the end of August, yacht racing and many other sports. While ocean liners are passing through the Suez Canal their passengers are able to pay quick visits to Cairo to have a look at the Pyramids and Sphinx.

GLORY OF GIZEH:
The towering bulk of one of the pyramids viewed from the terrace of the Mena House Hotel

Not so long ago it could be said that if you knew the course of the Nile you virtually knew Egypt. That is changing somewhat. The visit of King Farouk to the Western Desert, which I mentioned recently, will direct more attention from travellers to the Mediterranean coast, and it is indicated that later on he will visit the Eastern Desert. There are possibilities, too, on the coral coast of the Red Sea, where Kosseir is increasing in favour as a winter resort. Sea fishing is at its best in these waters.

Then the Nile, the very life-blood of Egypt through the ages and now mightier still with the aid of man's engineering genius, is ever beckoning. River steamers will carry you far up its course, taking ten days to reach Assuan. On the way, at Assiut, the largest city in Upper Egypt, another great barrage is passed and from then on the journey is a rapid succession of temples and monuments. The richest treasure house of all is Luxor, whose stately temple is on the right bank and just opposite are the glories of Karnak. The Valley of the Kings and Queens and the Colossi of Memnon are close at hand, and farther on at Esna, Edfu, and Kom Ombo more beautiful temples await you.

BY THE BANKS OF SUEZ:
This fine motor road linking up Cairo and Port Said runs for some distance parallel with the great canal

At Assuan you have the great dam, and beyond may continue in another steamer which goes to Wadi Halfa (the first port in the Sudan) and back in a week. It is, of course, quicker by rail and very comfortable, the evening express from Cairo reaching Luxor in twelve hours and Assuan in sixteen hours. I must leave the choice to you—and your pocket.

Perhaps what I have written may create the impression that Egypt is a place only for those with a lot of money. It is good to have a generous supply, for nowhere can you take deeper draughts from the cup of luxury, but you do not feel out of place if you budget on modest lines. Time is the more important factor. Unless you go by air, Egypt still involves several days' travel by land and sea, and however short the stay the journey is worth while, but to get full appreciation of the country you must tune yourself to the serenity of the Egypt which does not change, and forget all about a time limit.

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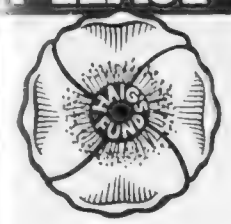

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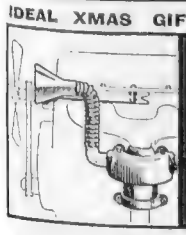

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THE WORLD OF BOOKS

(*Continued from page 236*)

written by Mr. C. S. Forester round this likeable character. Perhaps the most engaging thing about the captain is that though a man of extreme valour and even foolhardiness, the hero of a hundred magnificently told battles on land and sea, he is anything but the bluff sea-dog of conventional fiction.

Horatio Hornblower ("there was something vaguely ridiculous about the name") was a shy man who cloaked an imagined tendency to garrulity under the pretence of icy reserve. He had a poor opinion of himself, of his physical courage and of his mental stamina. He had no illusions about his seamanship, which was often so good as to be spectacular, but that, he felt, was a matter almost out of his own hands. In other words, Captain Hornblower was a modest man and a charming one. And if ever a sailor deserved a three-volume eulogy it is this diffident captain of the Royal Navy.

The story opens with Captain Hornblower's escape from Napoleon's men, while actually on his way to Paris from the Mediterranean to go through the farce of a packed court martial. His escape leads him, his one-legged Lieutenant Bush and his Coxswain Brown to Nantes, where Hornblower commandeers a ship and a convict crew, and sails it to rejoin those ships of the line lying off the French coast.

There is a great scene at sea, as was to be expected, with the ship almost becalmed, pursued by the French and creeping forward inch by inch, while Hornblower fires the only cannon single-handed. And there is, as one did not expect, a scene of dalliance which shows the mild Captain Hornblower in a new guise. Finally there is the *dénouement*, which I do not propose to spoil for you, but which is hardly more than the captain deserves.

Mr. Carl Fallas is the author of two novels, both remarkable for their quiet, leisurely style and for their ability to evoke beauty. In THE GATE IS OPEN (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.) he turns to autobiography; and it is—for one reader at least—remarkable that this quiet man has led a life more adventurous than most, and has at times been engaged in what some people would call a two-fisted struggle with life.

As readers of *The Wooden Pillow* must realise, Mr. Fallas has lived in the Far East; but he has also been round the world, sailing 20,000 miles in one of the last of the windjammers, twice crossing the equator and twice rounding Cape Horn. With no experience at all, he signed on as a member of a crew consisting of Swedes, Germans, Norwegians, Danes and French, as well as the flotsam of other nationalities. He struck a storm, which he describes with leisurely objectiveness, but which bears comparison with some of the greatest storm descriptions set down in the language.

True to his original talent, the author rejects the ordinary time sequence, maintaining that "It is evident that scenes in our personal panorama have little to do with time. What happened to any one of us some time ago may be clearer than what occurred only last week. . . . Our life, as we regard its spacious years, will one time appear something of great length; at another, it has a cast of brevity that is, momentarily, nearly stupefying."

So the book opens with his return to England from his wanderings, merges into some vivid recollections of the war, and flows on to some incidents in extreme youth. But it is remarkable for the number of perfectly rounded character sketches which crop up constantly in these pages of a man who has led an active and variegated life.

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DARK INTERLUDE: This is the attractive dust jacket of Clement C. Egerton's book, *African Majesty*, in which he records his experiences during a visit to the former German colony of the Cameroons, where he lived as the guest of a native king

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In addition to the books reviewed on page 236 and above, the Editor draws the attention of readers to the following new publications which pressure on space prevents from being treated fully.

Spreading the Spy Net, by Captain Henry Landau (*Jarrolds. 12s. 6d.*): An authenticated record of British intelligence work during the great war when the author was stationed in Holland and directed the activities of numerous British agents.

A Countryman's Creed, by E. C. Keith (*Country Life. 10s. 6d.*): Here a Norfolk landowner and farmer writes of the work and sporting pursuits of the countryside. Illustrations by the late Archibald Thorburn adorn the text.

Jonah and the Voice, by Harald Tandrup (*Peter Davies. 8s. 6d.*): In this novel the author has taken the biblical story of Jonah and, with his own imagination aided by researches into history, has expanded it into an enthralling narrative. The book is written throughout in the modern idiom.

Lady in the Dark, by Myfanwy Pryce (*John Lane. 7s. 6d.*): A novel of country life with an over self-sacrificing woman as its heroine.

Wild Lone, by "B. B." (*Eyre and Spottiswoode. 7s. 6d.*): This book is the life story of a Pytchley fox. It is admirably illustrated by D. J. Watkins-Pitchford.

Such Harmony, by Susan Goodyear (*Chatto and Windus. 8s. 6d.*): The author, who writes much in the manner of Trollope, here tells a story of vicarage life in the West Country. The book is marked by some fine character drawing.

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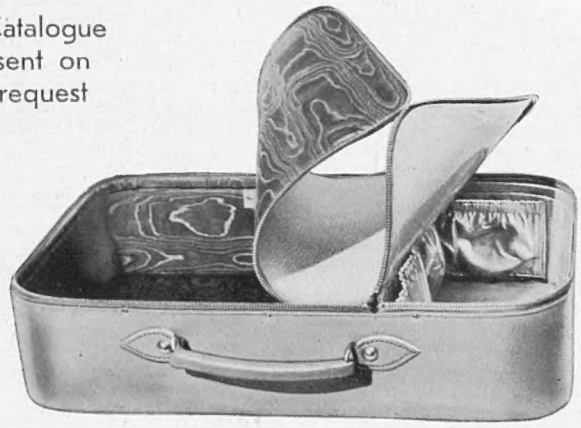
Hard-grained Morocco Travel Bag, lined waterproof, with chromium mounted jars and bottle, rosewood brushes. Reliable zip fastener and outside pocket. Length, 12½ ins. £3.19.6

Morocco Bag without fittings, 36/6

Catalogue sent on request

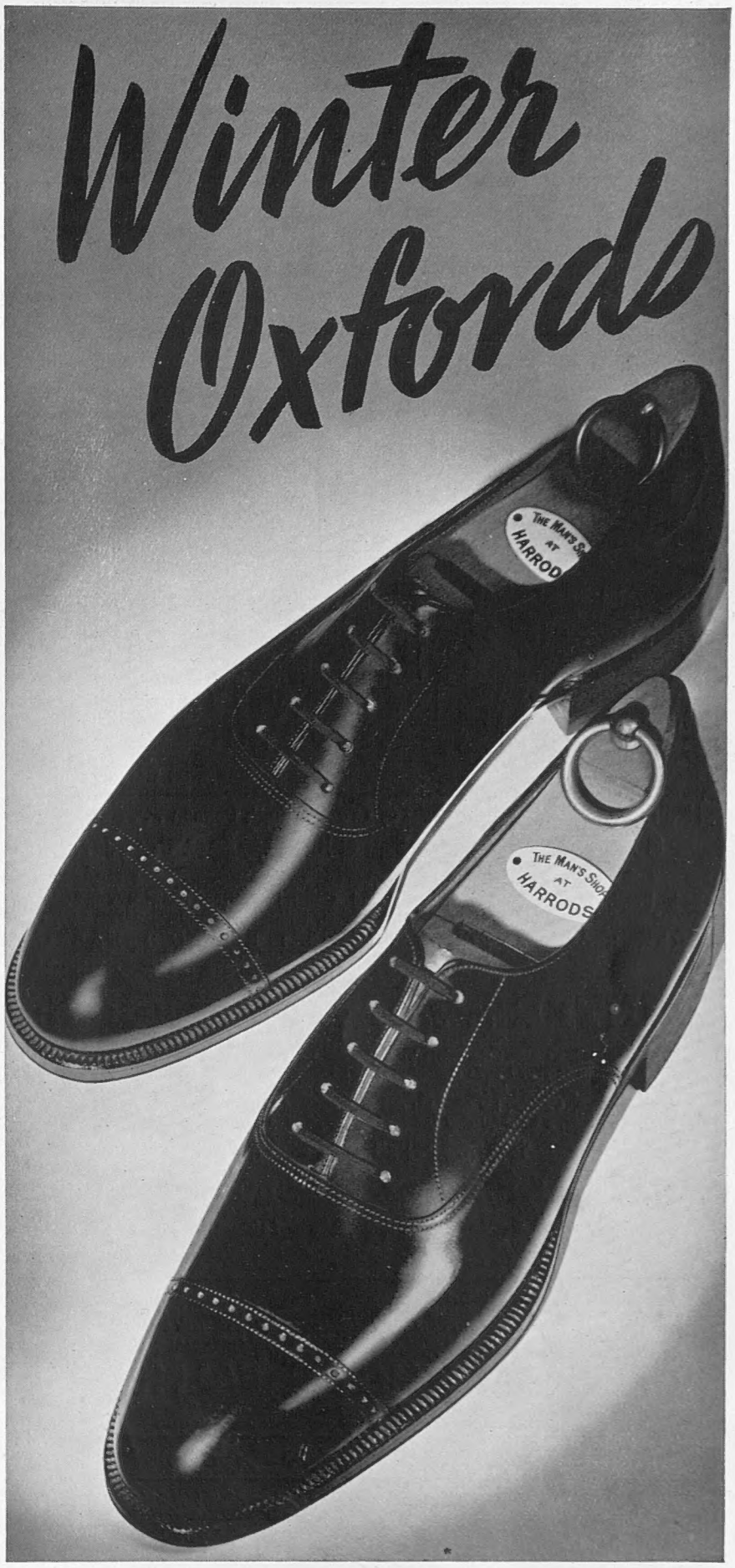


A new Pigskin Valise, lined moire with separate waterproof compartment at the end for toilet articles.
Size closed, 20″ × 13″ × 5″ £4.10.0

Morocco Dressing Case, fitted with gilt metal mounted bottles and jars, hair brush, cloth brush, comb, and leather jewel case.
Size closed, 12¾″ × 7½″ × 4¾″ £8.12.6

Debenham & Freebody
70–71 WELBECK STREET, W.1
Opposite the Main Entrance
LANgham 4444 (Debenhams Ltd.)

Winter Oxfords



Oxfords that are correctly styled and faultlessly built by master craftsmen. As comfortable in wear as they are distinguished in appearance, representing a quality standard usually only achieved in the costliest bespoke work. In black box calf or tan willow calf, flexible but wet-resisting, and calf-lined throughout. Soles of finest English leather. Narrow, medium or wide fittings. Sizes and half-sizes 6–12. Pair 39/6

Also in PATENT LEATHER

There are half-brogues, full-brogues, golf Norwegians and many other sports styles, too, with leath r or moulded rubber soles and heels.

THE MAN'S SHOP Harrods

Harrods Ltd London SW 1

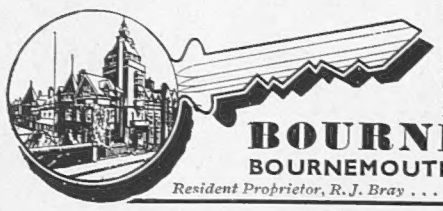
It's no Fairy Tale—

this Winter sunshine at the Tollard Royal. Here you can sunbathe 24 hours a day, if you will. For ultra-violet rays and ozone are permanently on tap—by a unique process—in our famous Solarium. So a Winter holiday at the Tollard Royal means all the delights of Bournemouth *with a watertight insurance against bad weather.* Come down and believe in fairy tales at

TOLLARD ROYAL HOTEL

BOURNEMOUTH

A first-class hotel with Licensed Bridge Club attached. Terms from 5 gns. Details from Martin Solar.



Winter Terms : ***3*** *to* ***6 gns.*** *a week!*

At Bourne Hall Hotel you can winter in real comfort from **3** to **6 gns.** a week. 100 rooms to choose from with constant hot water, central heating, and gas, coal or electric fires. Billiards and Bridge in the Hotel : outside . . . all the attractions of Bournemouth within a ld. bus ride.

BOURNE HALL HOTEL

BOURNEMOUTH Telephone : Bournemouth five

Resident Proprietor, R. J. Bray . . . under the same direction as the Riposo Hotel, Bexhill.

IT'S Never too Late . . .

to come to Bude. Motoring, fishing, tennis, squash, billiards, riding and walking. Golf links adjoining. Your Hotel? The GRENVILLE—second to none in Cornwall. 100 rooms and suites. Fully licensed. Covered verandahs, ballroom, lift, central heating. Write Manager for tariff. Tel. : 15

GRENVILLE HOTEL

BUDE

Health and Beauty on the Crest of Crowborough Beacon . . . come now to

Crest Hotel, Crowborough

Tel.: 394 **Sussex**

Bed, Breakfast, Lunch, Tea, Dinner and Central Heating from 4 gns. weekly.
Personal Proprietor Mr. G. Eglington Adams.

GOLF : ALL-WEATHER TENNIS : RIDING : WALKING

WINTER *in South Devon's Loveliest Hotel*

Where winter is a season to be enjoyed. A glorious country house set in 30 acres of sheltered garden. Sport to your heart's content—Hunting, Riding, Shooting, Golf and miles of moorland walks. An hotel which is beautifully furnished, and the last word in civilised comfort—with central heating, crackling log fires, hot and cold softened water in every bedroom, perfect beds, a watchful staff and food which you will enjoy and remember.

Terms from 4½ guineas a week inclusive

KNAPPE CROSS, nr. Exmouth, South Devon

Write also to the Manager for details of a real old-fashioned Christmas

A Haven of Enchantment

The sweep of oak-woods to the water's edge . . . tapering masts reflected in blue water . . . the cry of gulls . . . and the measured sound of rowlocks in the deepening twilight . . . tiny lights that wink and bob among the ripples . . . all this is Falmouth Harbour, a haven of enchantment. Enjoy its romantic beauty this autumn from the

GREENBANK HOTEL, FALMOUTH

Own private pier. Craft of all kinds. Fishing. Sailing. Walking. Golf.
Write to D. Baker for details or telephone: Falmouth 440-1

THE ROYAL GLEN HOTEL SIDMOUTH *'Phone 221*

The Hotel with a Country House atmosphere, situated in picturesque grounds adjoining the esplanade.

DIET A SPECIALITY.

Terms Moderate and Inclusive. Resident Proprietors : Mr. and Mrs. W. MARTIN.

For Winter Comfort....

Here at the Fortfield Hotel, in the sheltered charm of Sidmouth, the needs of the visitor are anticipated. Here, too, you will find amidst pleasing surroundings, with all modern conveniences, well-appointed Public Rooms, Central Heating, Passenger Lifts, Self-contained Suites, also Bedrooms with private Bath. Fully Licensed. Lock-up Garages.

Write Resident Manager: E. G. RUSSELL for Brochure (S) and REDUCED WINTER TERMS.

FORTFIELD HOTEL, *Sidmouth, S. Devon*

Facing South and Overlooking the Sea

Telegrams : FORTFIELD, SIDMOUTH. *Telephone :* SIDMOUTH 39

The Principal Hotel in a fashionable town is The Prince—in fact, *the* social hub of the north-west. For your entertainment are theatres, concerts, and all manner of sport, including seven first-class golf courses within half-an-hour of our doors. Inside the Hotel, a high standard of luxury prevails, with an admirable cuisine and impeccable service.

THE PRINCE OF WALES

SOUTHPORT'S LEADING HOTEL

For full details of moderate tariff, write N. Gascoigne, Managing Director. Telephones : 4131.

In Quest of

Small, Comfortable, and not to
Some Suggestions for Intendin

I HAVE recently been receiving an ever-increasing demand for small, comfortable and not too expensive hotels in London, and I hope that this article will dispel the difficulties of some, at least, of my correspondents.

For those seeking quarters north of Oxford Street, three hotels spring to my mind. They are all conveniently situated, especially for the Oxford Street and Baker Street shopping centres, and at all of them you are sure of good service, comfort and cleanliness. They are the Orchard Hotel in Portman Street, Tibbs Hotel in Granville Place, and the Mascot in York Street. They are all distinguished by the same proprietorship and the same propriety.

Let us first take the Orchard. Here you will receive a warm Irish welcome, and you will be escorted to a bedroom equipped with telephone, running water, and a gas or electric fire. You will descend to an excellent meal, and afterwards you will find that apart from a comfortable lounge there are two other small, bright rooms, one of which is usually used for cards. Some of the guests of the Orchard Hotel have been returning regularly for fifteen years, and I feel that this in itself is sufficient recommendation.

Tibbs Hotel, which is only a few doors away, is another favourite of mine . . . be it understood that I am speaking only of smallish hotels which really do give value for money. Apart from central heating and such things as gas fires and running water, Tibbs has a smoke-room downstairs, and on the first floor a really cheerful lounge running the whole width of the hotel. Like the cohorts of the Assyrians, it is gleaming with purple and chromium and the general effect is bright and decorative.

The Mascot, which is reached by turning to the left into York Street out of Baker Street, is very handily placed for Baker Street Station. Within a few minutes of leaving the hotel one can be out of London and playing golf. The hotel, moreover, faces south and catches all the sunshine that there is. There are two moderate-sized lounges, containing solid, comfortable furniture, and brightened by the intelligent use of chintz. It also has telephones in every bedroom, and the usual running water and gas or electric fires. The remainder of the house is kept warm and cosy by central heating.

All three of these hotels keep a good table and at all of them the charges are extremely moderate.

But many people prefer to make their headquarters south of the park where they are conveniently situated not only for Piccadilly and Bond Street but also for the fashionable shops of Knightsbridge and Brompton Road; and for those who are prepared to spend just a little more money for an hotel which can legitimately claim to be first-class and which is in a really strategic position, I would recommend them to the Alexandra Hotel at Hyde Park Corner.

When the original Duke of Wellington occupied Apsley House, just beside the

There's no other place quite like it.

There's nowhere else where newcomers are so immediately at home. Oatlands has its own 60 acre park with 18-hole golf course, swimming pool, tennis, badminton and squash courts and dancing every Saturday. All inclusive—at from 5 gns. weekly. Write the Manager : OATLANDS PARK HOTEL, WEYBRIDGE, SURREY. Telephone : Weybridge 1190.

OATLANDS PARK HOTEL

Peace . . . and Perfection

An Hotel for a holiday of quiet and content. Every bedroom has a perfect view over Tor Bay.

50 rooms with every luxury. Private suites. Private bathrooms.

A cuisine far removed from the ordinary.

All under the personal direction of Mr. S. Tschumy, born and trained in Switzerland.

HEADLAND HOTEL, TORQUAY

A very first-class unlicensed hotel run in connection with the Grand, where every facility for recreation is free. *Telephone : Torquay 2161.*

THE GARDEN HOTEL **Lincombe Hall** OF TORQUAY

NOVEMBER . . . . and then

Days are drawing in. A perceptible nip in the air. Winter clothes come out. But at Lincombe Hall, Torquay . . . . nestling in its own lovely grounds . . . sheltered and protected . . . there is warmth without . . . and within. In this fair corner of sunny Devon we smile at winter . . . so come and winter with us that you can smile too.

LINCOMBE HALL

The Garden Hotel of Torquay

South aspect and central heating throughout. Full staff and service. 50 bedrooms . . . many with private bath. Write for descriptive brochure. *Inclusive winter terms now available from 3½-6 gns.*

Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Expensive Hotels in London: Visitors to Town this Winter

Hyde Park Corner gates of the park, it was known colloquially as Number One, London, a tribute not only to its accessibility and central position but also to its spectacular outlook.

To-day, with Apsley House unoccupied, the Alexandra Hotel, perhaps, takes pride of place for all this district and can claim the title "No. 1, London." Situated in Knightsbridge, some hundred yards from Hyde Park Corner, it is within 5 mins. of all fashionable London, and its view over Rotten Row and the green grass of Hyde Park must inflict on its inhabitants a positive millionare's complex.

The standard of comfort of the Alexandra Hotel is very high, the standard of charges strictly competitive. Indeed, if your desire is to stay in this highly exclusive quarter of London I doubt if there is a better bargain in hotel residences to be found anywhere.

Farther west we find another hotel which has for long been a favourite of mine, the Hans Crescent Hotel, standing in Hans Crescent, immediately behind Harrods. I have written about Hans Crescent before in glowing terms, and everything which I have said in praise of it still holds good, but the Hans Crescent Hotel is one of those places that never stand still. Something is always going on behind the scenes. Just recently there have been extensive redecorations carried out on the ground floor which have vastly improved the dining-room, now a really attractive place, and have converted some waste space into an exceedingly useful writing and telephone lobby. These improvements, small though they may seem to the casual onlooker, are the result of a great deal of thought and a great deal of expense, and well worth while they are, for the appearance of the downstairs parts of the hotel has been considerably improved and service in the dining-room will be even more expeditious.

Lastly, I would draw your attention to a very particular favourite, this time in South Kensington. Within a few minutes' walk of Gloucester Road Station you will find one of the most exclusive and attractive of London squares, Stanhope Gardens, and here is Stanhope Court Hotel, an oasis of pure content for those who want something rather unusually good in a quiet residential neighbourhood.

Your bedroom will be large and airy; it will be completely quiet; it will look out over gardens; it will contain an excellent modern bed, a post-office telephone, central heating, a gas fire, bedside lamp and hot and cold running water . . . and your bill at the end of the week will be, inclusive of everything, anything from 4 guineas. Here is hotel value indeed.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

ENGLAND

Abingdon.—Crown and Thistle (Oxford, 6 miles)
Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Barton Mills (Nr. Bury St. Edmunds).—Bull Inn.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon).—Burgh Island Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Bognor.—"Dalbeattie." Tel. 1492.
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Royal Bath Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Tollard Royal Hotel.
Bray-on-Thames.—Hinds Head Hotel.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brighton (Saltdean).—Ocean Hotel.
Brockenhurst.—Balmer Lawn Htl., New Forest.
Bromley.—Sundridge Park Hotel.
Bude.—Grenville Hotel. Tel. 15.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Cheltenham.—Queen's Hotel.
Chipping Campden.—Cotswold House Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.)—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Exmouth.—Knappe Cross Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 2219.
Goring-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Hailsham (Sussex).—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Harrogate.—Prospect Hotel.**** Tel. 3015.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Hythe (Kent).—Seaview Hotel, Seabrook.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Littlehampton.—Southlands Hotel. Tel. 42.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10
Lynton.—Lee Abbey Hotel.
Malvern.—County Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn. 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Marlborough (Wilts.).—Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Mere (Wilts.).—Old Ship. Tel. 58.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 511.
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Royal Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.
Ruan-High-Lanes (S. C'nwall).—Pendower Htl.
St. Ives (Hunts).—The Pike and Eel Inn.
St. Mawes.—Pen-e-Glos. Telephone 209.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Royal Glen Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Southport.—Prince of Wales Hotel.
Southport.—Royal Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The Arden Hotel.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Thorpeness.—Dolphin Hotel. Tel.: Aldeburgh 302
Torquay.—Palace Hotel. Tel. 2271.
Torquay.—Headland Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.

ENGLAND—*continued*

Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Torquay.—Vernon Court Hotel. Tel. 2676.
Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Weymouth.—Gloucester Hotel.
Weymouth.—Royal Hotel. Tels. 627 & 628.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)
Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Armathwaite Hall Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.

ISLE OF WIGHT

Shanklin.—Shanklin Towers.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel, Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Batt's Hotel, Dover Street.
Hans Crescent Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.1.
Hotel Washington, Curzon Street.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl, W.8. Wes. 8121
Leinster Court, Leinster Gardens, W.2.
S.Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
Thackeray Hotel, opposite the British Museum.
The Goring Hotel, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1.

SCOTLAND

Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Dunkeld.—The Birnam Hotel. Tel. 24.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel. Tel. 31295.
Edinburgh.—Braid Hills Hotel. Tel. 54748/9.
Edinburgh.—New Carlton Hotel.
Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Glendevon.—Castle Hotel.
Perth.—Royal George Hotel.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel

WALES

Abergele.—Kinmel Hall.
Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77.
Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llandrindod Wells.—Pump House Hotel.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

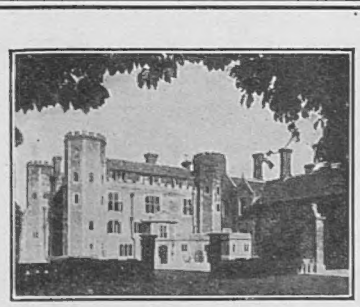
NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.
Rosapenna (Co. Donegal).—Rosapenna Hotel.

WICKHAM COURT HOTEL
WEST WICKHAM, KENT
'Phone: Springpark 2000
Half an hour from City and West End.
REDUCED WINTER TERMS
No alteration in standard.
Illustrated brochure free on request.



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Tennis, Squash Rackets, Billiards, Dances, car service to station—all free.
FREE FACILITIES FOR GOLF on PRIVATE 18-HOLE GOLF COURSE (6,361 yds.).
Under the same management as The Selsdon Park Hotel, Sanderstead, Surrey.

AUTUMN AT ITS VERY BEST . . .
Sunny Terraces and Balconies.
On Sea Front.
Bathroom suites. French Chef—Good Wines. Reduced terms before Christmas. Special attractions at Christmas. Write Manager for Brochure. Tel. Weymouth 627
Weymouth ROYAL HOTEL

ST. BRELADE'S BAY HOTEL JERSEY
An Autumn holiday? Our flowers, our sunshine, our bathing and the comfort and amenities of our hotel should make St. Brelade's your choice. And for winter . . . the same equable climate, our sheltered situation, our wonderful outlook, our cooking . . . and our moderate terms make St. Brelade's the obvious headquarters for a delightful Winter. Fullest details with pleasure from the proprietor, A. Colley.
Telegrams: "Sheltered, Jersey."
— An hour and a half by plane from Heston —

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Melville Crescent
Equipped with modern conveniences which make for comfort and prompt service. Centrally situated.
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Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Telegrams: Lonhotel, Anvers.

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Beaulieu-s-Mer.—Hotel Victoria.—100 rooms full south, large sunny garden, excellent cooking. Pension from 50 frs.

French Riviera.—Navirotel.—Le Trayas (Var) Near Cannes' golf. Take a cruise without leaving land. Ask for illustrated booklet with terms.

Monte-Carlo. — Hotel Prince de Galles. — Strictly first-class. Beautiful garden. Magnificent view. Moderate terms.

GERMANY.

Garmisch, Bavarian Alps, **Sonnenbichl.—Golf Hotel.**—Incomparably beautiful situated. First-class hotel. Every comfort at mod. terms.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perfect hotel-building. Select home of international Society and Aristocracy.

Munich.—The new **Hotel Excelsior,** near the Hauptbahnhof. First-class, modern, and quietly placed. Rooms from RM. 3.50 onwards.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-cl. family hotel. 300 beds. Med. Bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pension from Mk. 9.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—World-rnd. Finest pos. opp. Park & Opera. Wiesbaden Spr'gs. Pat'd by best Brit. Soc. Pen. fr. 12 Mks.

MADEIRA.

Funchal.—Hotel Victoria.—Op. Csno. Bdrms. h. & c., very centl. Frm 10/6 incl. Under the supervsn of the proprs. Cables-Comfort, Funchal.

SWITZERLAND.

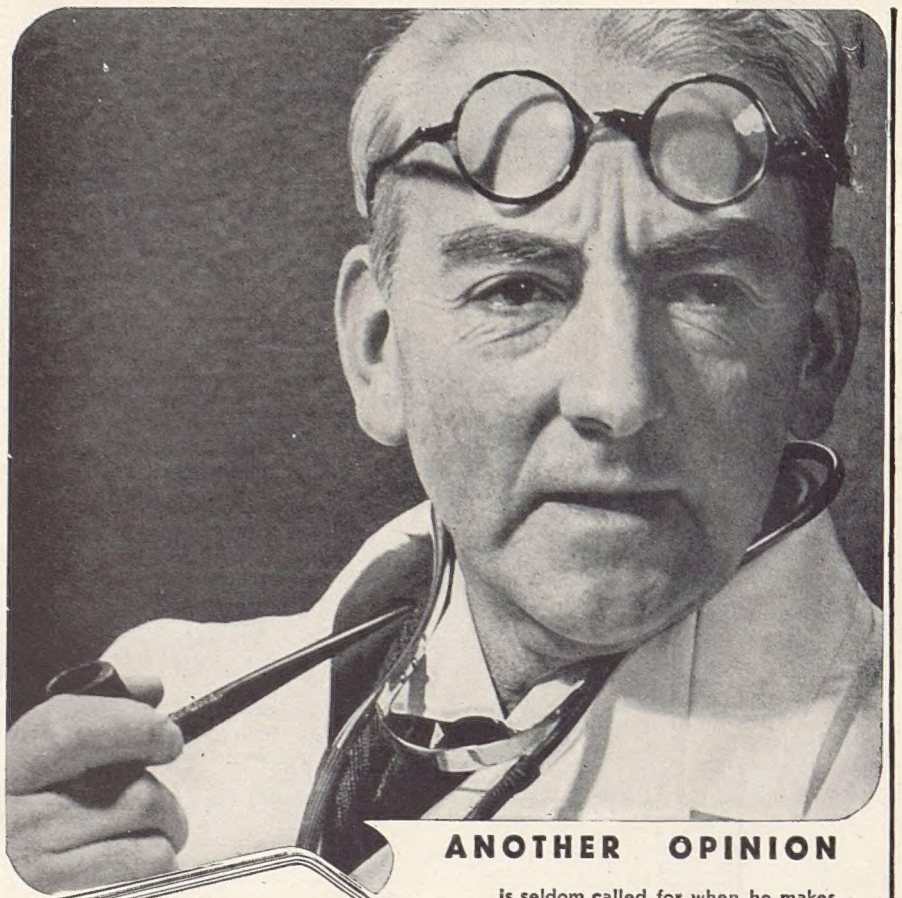
Davos-Platz.—Angleterre & Park Hotel.—Ldg. Engl. Htl. nr. Parsenn & Schatzalp Railwy. Nrly. evry rm. wh. loggia, gd. fd. & ser. New Man., H. Verdino.

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £4.0.0.

Lausanne (Ouchy).—Hotel Balmoral.—Quietest sit. Very comfortable. Excellent catering. Weekly terms, incl. tips, £3 5s. No taxes.

Lausanne. — Victoria. — Ideal Residence for autumn and winter. Quiet but convenient. Inclusive from 12/-.

Pontresina (Engadine).—
The Kronenhof.—
The traditional English house.



ANOTHER OPINION

is seldom called for when he makes a diagnosis. Baffling symptoms merely serve to arouse his professional zeal. He is usually consulted when complications set in. And to know the man is to know his tobacco. For his shrewd judgment naturally inclines him to such an exclusive and dependable blend as "No Name".

2ozs. 2/6
4ozs. 5/-

PLAYER'S "NO NAME" TOBACCO

P.N.N.51B

By Appointment
to the late King George V.

People say—

There is no

Scotch Shortbread

so good as

Crawford's

Made by
CRAWFORD'S of EDINBURGH
and sold everywhere

BUY ALL YOUR MEDICINES FROM YOUR CHEMIST

Keep Colds away with VAPEX

BRAND TRADE MARK
INHALANT

Colds and 'flu affect the entire system; physically and mentally they impair your efficiency. Avoid them by using Vapex regularly—or, if you already have a cold, Vapex will quickly put you right by dealing direct with the *cause* of your distress.

VAPEX KILLS THE GERMS
Vapex stops colds and 'flu by destroying the germs where they lurk and breed in the warm recesses of nose and throat. Put a drop on your handkerchief and breathe the pleasant germicidal vapour frequently.

Each breath you take in this way will assist Nature to throw off infection. You feel the benefit immediately—respiration becomes easier, the bronchial passages are cleared, head stuffiness vanishes and the whole system is stimulated to increased resistance.

SAFETY Vapex is perfectly harmless. It contains no habit-forming drugs which require increased dosage to obtain effect. It does not merely "bottle up" the germs—it helps you to get rid of them safely. Vapex has a natural action—assisting the body to repel cold germs without affecting the delicate membranes of the nose and throat.

Use Vapex as a protection against colds and 'flu. Office-workers, school-children, cinema-goers all need Vapex as a safeguard from germs, which are particularly rife in closed rooms, offices, etc.

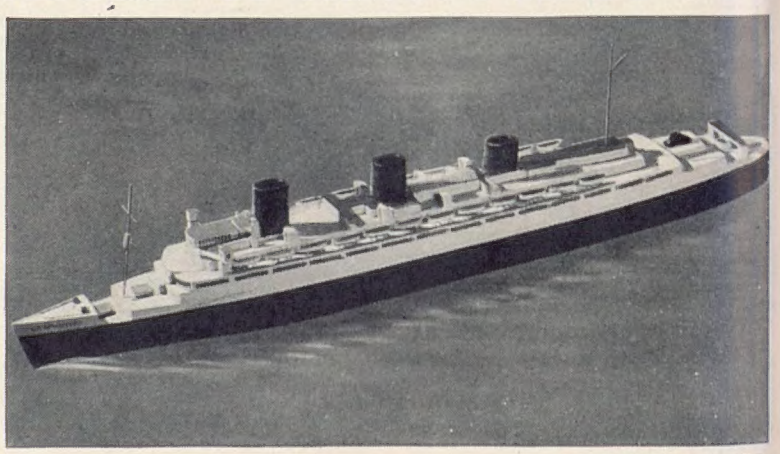
A single sprinkling on the handkerchief will last all day, because Vapex has the unusual property of gaining strength when exposed to the air.

Breathe the antiseptic vapour deeply and often.

From your Chemist 2/- & 3/-

V183 THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

ELECTRICALLY PROPELLED MODELS OF FAMOUS SHIPS . . .



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